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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£1,000 Free Insurance.

No. 1182.] REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA. WEEK ENDING MARCH 8, 1913. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

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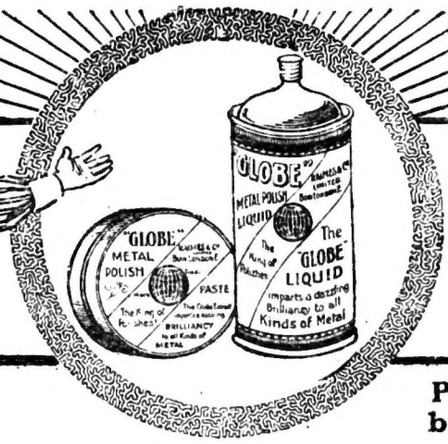

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E2

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MAX BURDETT (Dept. 8),
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£100 for you if you do.

The holiday season will soon be here, and £100 would come in very handy. You can get £100 by spotting the best advertisement in *Pearson's Magazine*. Why not go in and win?

For full particulars see

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for MARCH.

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are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Friday morning for the following week's issue.

WEAK MEN, send for my two Books, FREE.—Mr. George, 215 High Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."—If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, drained away your Strength by bad habits or dissipation, or SAPPED your vital forces by EXCESSES, send 4d. for my book on "Nervous Breakdown." To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to restore the failing Vital Energies and Powers. Sent in a plain sealed envelope to any address on receipt of Four Penny Stamps. Address—Charles Gordon, No. 8, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks. (*Copyright*).

MARGATE.—The Clarence Boarding Establishment, Eastern Esplanade, Cliftonville. Unique position, facing Oval. Excellent cuisine, select company, moderate terms.—Apply Manageress.

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MAGNIFICENT MOUSTACHES irresistibly forced by "Hirsu-Vitaline." Bottles, testimonials, directions, post free, 1/3, 2/9.—Forbes & Co., 47 Fetter Lane, London.

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BOOTS.—Save nearly 50% buying from Factory direct. AGENTS WANTED. Write for list, particulars, British Boot Co. (278), Portland Square, Bristol.

ALL COMPETITIONS.—Two Solutions, 6d. Sample free, stamp.—Farren, 44 Foxbourne Road, Upper Tooting, London.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele and its accompanying debility and nervous weakness should send for illustrated circular, describing its successful treatment and cure by the only rational and painless method. No electricity. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—E. B. Norton, 28 & 29 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

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WITTY WISDOM!—Two solutions, any paper, 6d., stamp. 100% commission on wins over £1.—Wilson Trevelyan, 25 Love Lane Terrace, Pontefract.

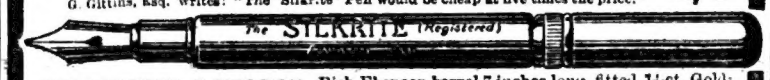
ETIQUETTE FOR MEN. A book setting forth in simple style full and accurate direction for the due observance of modern modes and manners for men, is "Etiquette for Men," by G. R. M. Devereux. It may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. Sowter, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

YOU CAN EARN 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply K., 89 Aldersgate Street, London.

MONEY-MAKING.—To make money you should send postcard immediately for free particulars of our Novel Scheme. Remarkably successful methods with guaranteed profits.—Send now to Green & Co., 17 Church Lane, Hull.

The "SILKRITE" SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen, Post Free, 1/6

G. Gittins, Esq. writes: "The 'Silkrite' Pen would be cheap at five times the price."



GUARANTEED 5 YEARS!! Rich Ebonoen barrel 7 inches long, fitted 14-ct. Gold-plated nib; fills itself in two seconds!

The Countess of Winchelsea encloses P.O. 1/6 for "Silkrite" Pen. M. G. Powell, Esq., writes: "It equals any other make at 10/-!" F. W. Hyde, Esq., writes: "Four more 'Silkrites', like this as well as anything I have tried."

Testimonials and Catalogue, 1,000 Bargains in Jewellery and Novelties, Post Free!
The LEEDS BARGAIN CO. (Dept. 4), 5 Richmond Road, LEEDS.

STARTLING REDUCTIONS

You will save shopkeepers' profit by sending your order **direct** to our Factory and buying 1913 Gold Medal "**Quadrants**" at **Wholesale Trade Price.** Here's cycle value. **We only charge £3 12s.** for our "Popular" Model, listed at £6 15s. and sold in shops at **full list price.** Our superb "Standard" Model, (List Price and Shop Price, £9 15s.) supplied **direct** for £6 9s. 8d. cash, or 7/10 deposit and 10 monthly payments of 7/10. We fit DUNLOP TYRES, 3-SPEED GEARS, BROOKS' SADDLES, etc., etc. We grant 10 days' approval, give a **ten years' warranty,** and guarantee perfect satisfaction, or return your money in full. Write **now** for "Lists, THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS.

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In men of all ages. Why not write for my free and get fit by the standard, scientific method for NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WASTING, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Safe, simple. No stomach medicines, no electricity. No fatiguing physical exercises or diet rules, no change of habits, loss of time or money, but an assured restoration for all men. See what patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell Street, London, W.C. Established 25 years.

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

OUR £500 FOOTBALL PRIZE Is Waiting to be WON

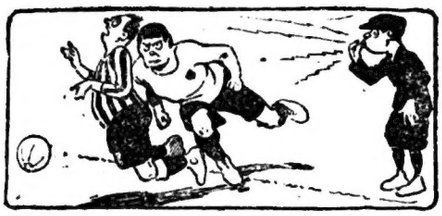
(See page 922.)

No. 1182. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING MARCH 8, 1913. ONE PENNY.

IT WAS NOT A PENALTY.

THE local publican was officiating as referee, and though allowing the majority of the players to impart quite a Rugby flavour to the sister code, he was particularly rough on one Bill Higgins, of the home team, and whistled for some fancied infringement every time he so much as looked at the ball.

Not seeing the fun of being pulled up for nothing, Mr. Higgins at last grassed one of the opposing forwards well within the penalty area by a terrific



charge in the back. Boniface executed an ear-piercing solo, and pointed to the penalty line.

"Ought to be ashamed o' yourself," said Mr. Higgins, in a hoarse whisper, "seein' I paid your missus the four and fo-pence I owed you only ten minutes afore the match."

"Paid it!" came from the referee, with a look of surprise. "Good on yer, Bill!" Then, turning to the players, he bellowed in truculent tones, "Now, then, you fellers, oo's talkin' about a penalty? It's a free kick agin the chap what was downed, and if 'e does it again 'e'll get marchin' orders bloomin' quick!"

HOW HE KEPT UP.

"CRICK! Crack! Crash!"

The skaters turned tail and fled. But one less fortunate than the rest was overtaken by the widening crack, threw up his arms, and fell in with a hearty splosh.

"Help!"

"He's drowning!"

"Get a ladder!"

At last a ladder was procured. Cautiously approaching the pool, which was ornamented by the luckless man's head and shoulders, the park-

keeper placed the ladder in position and commenced to creep along it.

"Come in a bit closer!" he shouted.

"I can't swim," answered the impromptu bather.

"But you're only up to the armpits, man!" said the park-keeper. "You ain't got no need to swim. Walk!"

"Walk, be blowed!" replied the other. "This water's ten feet deep."

"Ten feet deep!" exclaimed the park-keeper. "Then how do you keep up?"

"How?" retorted the bather. "Why, I'm standing on the fat bloke that broke the ice!"

AT THE THEATRE.

A YOUNG man had taken his wife to a theatre, and as there was no one to look after the baby, they had brought it along. It cried lustily all through the first act. At the close of the act an attendant came down the aisle and informed them that if they could not keep the baby quiet they would have to go to the box office, get their money back, and go out.

They succeeded in pacifying the baby, and all went well for a time.

Then, five minutes after the last act had commenced, the young father leaned over and said: "How do you like the play?"

"Rotten!" was the reply.

He was silent for a moment, and then, leaning over again, he whispered:

"Stick a pin in the baby!"

"WHY do you think she loves you?"

"She told me she didn't want me to give her an expensive birthday present."

BIRTHDAY NOTES.

Mon., March 3.
The trouble is many sing, "We shall know each other there," in church, but they don't try to know each other here.

Tues., March 4.
Many who "cast their bread upon the waters" expect sandwiches to be returned to them.

Wed., March 5.
Making money and making love are alike, in that the more you get the more you want.

Thurs., March 6.
It isn't so much that a woman wouldn't, but she hates you to think she would.

Fri., March 7.
Home has its use if it even only affords a man a place where he can vent his temper.

Sat., March 8.
Drink, and the world drinks with you. Settle the bill, and you settle it alone.

Sun., March 9.
Success in business isn't selling people what they want, any fool can do that, but it's selling them what they don't want.

BAXTER: "Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night?"

Clubleigh: "No; and I didn't get in without my hearing her, either."

HE COULDN'T GO AWAY.

THE door-bell rang furiously, and continued ringing. "Bother that bell!" exclaimed the exceptional musical comedy actress, who didn't want to be interviewed. "I have already sent word to the man that I've said all there is to be said about my teeth to other papers; and still he won't go away."

Ding-a-ding! Ding-a-ding! Ding-ding! Standing at her window she could see him underneath, tugging violently at the bell. She threw up the sash.

"Young man," she called out, "I do not desire to say anything to you! Don't disturb me any more! Go away, young man—go away!"

"So I will," roared the reporter—"so I will if you'll come down and release my coat-tails from the door."

NEARLY BLEW UP.

TOPNODY made up his mind to-day that he was not going to be bossed any longer by his wife, so when he went home at noon he stalked in and called out imperiously:

"Mrs. Topnody! Mrs. Topnody!"

Mrs. T. came out of the kitchen with blood in her eyes and a rolling-pin in her hand.

"Well, sir," she said, "what'll you have?"

Topnody staggered, but braced himself up.

"Mrs. Topnody, I want you to understand,

madam"—and he tapped his breast dramatically—"I am the engineer of this establishment."

"Oh, you are, are you? Well, Topnody, I want you to understand that I"—and she looked dangerous—"am the boiler that will blow up and sling the engineer clear over into the next county. Do you hear the steam escaping, Topnody?"

Topnody heard it, and he meekly inquired if there was any assistance he could render in the housework.

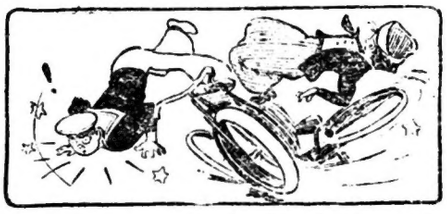
THE TAR'S EXPLANATION.

A JACK-TAR who had learned to navigate a motor-bicycle while in port was working a rapid passage the other day when he collided with a lady cyclist.

Fortunately there was no personal damage, and when they had extricated themselves from the wreck he anticipated her outburst of anger. This was his explanation from which she could gather little except that he was exceedingly sorry:

"I'm sure as I ought to be scuttled for it, mum," he said apologetically, "but I couldn't get your signals no more than if we were feeling through a fog bank. I was blowin' for you to pass to port, an' steerin' my course accordin'.

"Just as I was goin' to dip my pennant an'



salute proper, your craft refused to obey her rudder, an' you struck me for'ard. Before I could reverse, your jibboom fouled my starboard mizen riggin', your mainsail (skirt) snarled up with my bobstay, parted your tappin' lift, an' carried away my spanker downhaul. As I listed I tried to jib, but I capsized, keel up, an' put you floundering in the wreckage."

By this time there was an interested audience, and the lady was mentally debating whether she should run from a supposed lunatic or ask for an interpreter.

"MIDDLES" PRIZES BIGGER THAN EVER.

1st PRIZE £300 | 2nd PRIZE £50 | 3rd PRIZE £25

700 PRIZES OF 5/- 1,000 CONSOLATION GIFTS.

SEE PAGE 940.

WHY THE CARRIAGE ROCKS.

PASSENGERS who regularly travel by the same trains know that there are days when carriages rock far more than usual. But perhaps they don't know the cause of this phenomenon.

Violent rocking is often due to faulty coupling. If carriages are not well coupled up so that the buffers are touching or almost touching there is bound to be a series of jolts and jerks, and even one badly-coupled carriage is almost enough to unsteady a whole train.

In the case of a single carriage, rocking may be caused by the breaking or slackness of one of the springs on which the carriage body rests.

When the line is laid on soft soil, wet weather will cause rocking. The wet soil "gives" as the train passes over it, and it is a case of bumpety-bump, and when one side of the track sinks more than another, of swaying and rocking.

Some railway-lines are "rocky" at all times. Thus from a railway-man's point of view the road from London to Margate is one of the worst in the country. It is uphill and downhill practically all the way—in fact, a regular switchback.

Then the subsoil is mostly either clay or chalk, both of which are very liable to subsidence.

The engines on this line, though not noted for great speed, are tremendously powerful.

"HAROLD," said the wife sweetly, "do you know what day this is?"

"Of course," said hubby, pretending to have remembered all the time. "It's the anniversary of our wedding-day, dear."

"No such thing!" frigidly answered the wife. "It's the day you promised to nail the leg on that old kitchen table."

KEW'S FAMOUS GARDENS.

KEW Gardens, which has recently suffered a heavy loss by the destruction of its tea pavilion by Suffragettes, originally belonged to the Royal family. It was given to the nation by Queen Victoria in 1840.

The Gardens are a huge kind of botanical clearing-house. There you can get information about any plant that has been discovered, be told how to grow it, how to care for it, what it is worth, and anything else you may want to know about it. Letters come from all parts of the world to Kew wanting information about this or that plant.

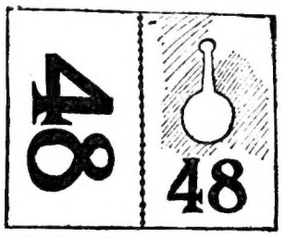
Though the very centre of the plant world, strange and rare plants that arrive there do not always take kindly to the great conservatories. They sicken and pine away and would die were it not for a small, cosy structure known as "the hospital." There they rapidly recover their health and return to public life once more.

The great Palm House, one of the principal sights of the Gardens, was built in 1845 at a cost of £33,000. It is 362 feet long, 100 feet broad, and 60 feet high, and contains nearly an acre of glass. Six huge ovens heat this enormous glass-house. Three are kept going night and day, summer and winter, and the other three in winter only. Over 17,000 feet of hot water piping is used in the palm house.

Kew Gardens possesses one of the biggest collections of dried plants in the world, a collection which is constantly being added to by travellers and scientific institutions in all parts of the world. To show how huge this collection really is, one bequest, that of Sir W. G. Hooker, contained no fewer than two million specimens of dried plants.

NEW CLOAK-ROOM TICKET.

THIS illustration shows a new cloak-room ticket which is taking the place of the old tickets which had to be pinned on to the coat, etc., which were left in cloak-rooms.



This ticket is perforated down the centre.

The half containing the smaller figures is slipped on to a coat button through the circle and the card drawn down the slot which secures it to the coat.

The half ticket containing the bold figures is given to the owner of the coat so that he may claim his property when it is required.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

A COMMERCIAL traveller stopped at the small hotel in a country town one day. He entered the dining-room and was shown to a table by a waiter.

"Will you have some pork and onions, sir?" asked the waiter as he brought the customary glass of water.

"No, I don't care for them," answered the man. "I never eat pork and onions."

"Dinner is over, then, sir," said the waiter as he moved away.

ACTOR WINS £100.

And Gives Useful Advice to Fellow-Competitors.

THE good news of his success in "Middles" Competition, Contest No. 50, was conveyed to Mr. Cecil Ravenswood in his dressing-room at the Theatre Royal, Everton. He was making up for his part in "Monte Christo"—and thinking out more "Middles" as he applied the grease paints.

Mr. Ravenswood is yet another example of the competitor who steadily plugs along till success comes. He has thought out scores of phrases—until now without great success. And he felt that one day the line he submitted would be the best of any sent in, and it was!

"Sometimes the idea comes to me suddenly," he said. "At others I go on improving the original line until it satisfies me. I advise competitors to read through the list of words, and see if any one of them suggests an idea. If no idea comes at once, go through the list carefully again, and when you find a word or phrase that appeals to you, think out an idea that fits it, and finally polish it up to your satisfaction. It is a good thing to send in three or four lines, especially if you can't decide which is the best of those you've composed.

"In the case of my winning 'Middle' I saw the words 'A CHANCE' in the list, and after a few minutes' thought realised that when a man does something good by chance, he afterwards claims it as his cleverness. My first effort was, 'A CHANCE: AFTERWARDS—MY CLEVERNESS.' But as there is no *m* in 'chance' I had to alter *my* to *his*. That won me £100!"

Every week "Middles" are getting more and more popular and, naturally, the prizes are increasing. This week the first prize is £300, the second prize is £50, the third prize £25. Then there are 700 prizes of 5s., and 1,000 consolation gifts. *Turn to page 940 now and try to win the £300.*

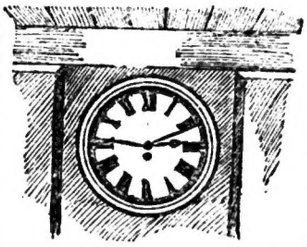
Picture Pars

We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

A SHIP'S CLOCK.

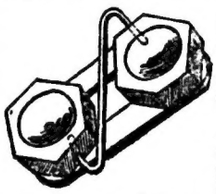
THE clocks of the passenger-boats which ply between England and Ireland are fitted with three hands instead of the usual two. The extra hand is set twenty-five minutes behind the usual minute-hand, and it also records the minutes.



By this clock passengers can see at a glance both Greenwich time and Irish time, between which there is a difference of twenty-five minutes.

AN ENGINE HINT.

ON engines that are always in motion the usual straight pins are liable to work loose from the nuts.



The device shown in this illustration is simply a length of quarter-inch wire bent to fit into the sides of two nuts to take the place of pins.

The way in which this wire is bent prevents it from working loose as ordinary pins would do, and its use may be the means of saving the small breakdowns which loose pins so often cause.

WHY YOU SHOULD YAWN.

YAWNING may be rude—especially in company, but it is a good thing for you to do.

For one thing, it ventilates the lungs. When you take an ordinary breath the lungs are not completely filled, nor are they thoroughly emptied by ordinary respiration. There is a certain quantity of air left in the lungs always, which physiologists call "residual air."

This air in time becomes foul and affects the blood, and, through the blood, the nervous centres. Certain nerves get tickled as it were, and the result is a yawn, stretching the lungs to their full extent, filling them with clean, fresh air and driving the foul air out.

That's one reason why it is good to yawn. In another, yawning opens and stretches and ventilates all the various passages leading to the lungs. You will perhaps be surprised to know that yawning is even beneficial to your hearing.

The cracking sound which you so often hear when giving an extra big yawn is due to the stretching and opening of the Eustachian tubes. These tubes communicate between the ear and the back of the throat. If they are congested, which happens when you have a bad cold in the head, people complain of deafness.

If you feel inclined to yawn then do so. It is Nature's way of cleaning out your lungs and air passages.

"JANE," said her father, "how does it happen that I find four good cigars on the mantelpiece this morning? Did Henry leave them for me?"

"No; he took them out of his vest pocket to avoid breaking them last night, and he must have forgotten all about them afterwards."

The laugh that followed made her wish that she had been as careful with her speech as Henry had been with his cigars.

BIG EYES—BIG BRAIN.

PROFESSOR LAUGIER, a French scientist, has discovered that the size of the brain in animals is in exact proportion to the size of the eyes. The bigger the eyes the bigger the brains!

Of course, this only applies to each class of animal. A tiger may have bigger eyes than a man for instance, but it doesn't follow that it has a bigger brain. But the tiger with big eyes is more cunning and brainy than a tiger with small eyes.

Professor Laugier made this remarkable discovery when studying the habits of a fish known as the dorade or gilt-head. There are two kinds of dorade, one pink and the other grey. The grey fish has a much smaller eye than the pink one.

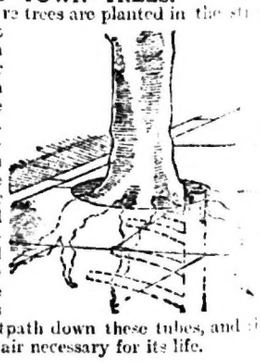
The scientist cut open a large number of these fish in his experiments, and was struck by the fact that the large-eyed fish always had the largest brain. He promptly followed up this discovery by testing other animals. He found, for example, that the little tree frog had a much larger eye than the large marsh frog, and had also a larger brain. He asserts that the same rule applies among higher animals. Look at your friends' eyes next time you meet them!

"MY dear sir, I am much flattered by your staying to hear the remainder of my story when all the other passengers ran away at the sound of the dinner-bell," said the ocean-going poet to his sole remaining auditor.

"What! Has the dinner-bell rung?" replied the slightly deaf listener; and he went below in a hurry.

SAVES TOWN TREES.

IN busy towns where trees are planted in the streets the thick pavement which incloses them often excludes the air from the roots, which is necessary if the tree is to flourish. In such cases air-pipes as here shown are let into the ground, a number of tubes connected with the main air-shaft being inserted so as to come in close contact with the roots. The air filters its way from the footpath down these tubes, and thus the tree receives the air necessary for its life.



This contest is for men only. As you know, the Suffragettes badly want the vote.

Are the Suffragettes Mad?

Our Contributor Thinks They Are.

"I BELIEVE Annie Kenny to be actually Joan of Arc herself come to life again."

So said one of the Suffragette leaders in all seriousness not long since.

Annie Kenny is, of course, the one-time Manchester mill-girl who, by getting herself arrested—together with Christabel Pankhurst—at Sir Edward Grey's meeting in the Free Trade Hall in October 1905, started the militant Suffragette movement that to-day finds expression in blowing up the houses of Cabinet Ministers and burning down public buildings.

Now to compare such a woman to Joan of Arc is permissible—or not: according to one's point of view. But to assert that she *is* Joan of Arc living again in the flesh, seems to the ordinary man or woman to savour of insanity.

And, indeed, it is hard to resist the conclusion that a considerable proportion of the militant Suffragettes are afflicted by a form of hysteria that is very nearly akin to madness.

They have bottled up their emotions too long and too tightly, and just as a volcano is the more dangerous the longer it has been quiescent, so is it with these highly strung women.

Babies Fling Bottles.

Many of them have never known a man's love, and they have grown, consequently, to hate that to which they have been unable to attain—to hate it with an insane hatred. This is perhaps the most pitiful part of the whole pitiful business, for surely no more dreadful misfortune could overtake the human race than that the sexes, intended by Nature to mutually support and help one another, should be permanently antagonised.

There is no madness more terrible than the madness of sex. Nor is it at all extraordinary that it should take the form of destroying property, because this is an instinct that is inherent in the uncontrolled human animal.

A baby will fling its bottle furiously on the floor long before it can speak, and crow with delight at the result. The small boy, if a pebble is anywhere handy, can rarely resist the temptation afforded by an unguarded window in an empty house.

Later on in life it is much the same. Irate husbands have been known ere now to sweep the mantelpiece of ornaments or the breakfast-table of crockery.

Worried women feel sometimes that they *must* smash a saucer or scream; and occasionally—obeying an impulse which is at once rational and yet irrational—they do both.

Such impulses are in their nature and inception insane impulses. Exaggerated and intensified a thousandfold, as in the case of the "militants," they lead in some cases to actual insanity, and in others to outbursts of a species of exceptionally violent hysteria that is next door to insanity.

Starving at Christmas Time.

If proof were needed of this, it can be found in the fact that many of the deeds done under the influence of this kind of mad exaltation of spirits are such as no normally minded person could possibly be guilty of.

Such impish tricks as filling up keyholes with shot and putting paint into letter-boxes are precisely the kind of mischievous pranks that are played by genuine lunatics, when they escape from asylums.

Try to imagine, again, a normally-minded woman persuading herself that by volunteering to starve at Christmastide, when everybody else was enjoying themselves, she would further the Suffragette—or any other cause. The mere idea is sufficient to raise a smile, almost a pitying smile—it is so obviously and childishly futile. Yet this scheme was put forward in all seriousness last Christmas, and would doubtless have been carried out, only its originator could not succeed in getting enough other women to join her.

Then there was the insane strike against the census when it was last taken. Women spent the night on bleak commons, in dripping woods, in parading the wind-swept streets, in order to dodge the enumerators, and so avoid having their names included in the population of the United Kingdom.

As if it mattered a rap to anybody!

Pars from a Prison Paper

ONE would scarcely look for humour in the columns of a paper published in prison and contributed to wholly by prisoners. Yet a glance through THE STAR OF HOPE, a fortnightly periodical emanating from "Sing Sing," the New York State penitentiary, shows that the general trend of the contributions is distinctly humorous.

The editorial notice, which at once catches the eye, is worth quoting. It runs:

> "By order of the superintendent, those submitting anything for publication which is not original will subject themselves to punishment, forfeiting ninety marks or thirty days' commutation of sentence."

Immediately below that genial little reminder to plagiarists is the following:

> "Population 1,515. On April 20th our membership was increased by the transfer of fifty brothers from the Clinton (another prison) Lodge."

Then comes a lost and found column.

> "LOST.—A pair of yellow gloves with gauntlets, also by convict 32002 a French-English grammar, bound in red leather."
>
> "FOUND.—A nearly new set of false teeth. Owner may obtain same by applying to the Editor in Chief."

Incidentally, it may be here remarked that the Editor of this remarkable journal is himself a prisoner at present undergoing a sentence of twelve years' penal servitude for forging mortgages.

It is rather amusing to notice that the women prisoners, who have one page to themselves, resolutely refuse to call their "cells" by that name. Hence one writes:

> "After a hearty lunch we returned to our little boudoirs feeling very cheerful."

Another lady, whom one can't help imagining must have seen better days, and who had evidently just been put on to outdoor work, remarks:

> "Well, girls may think they are athletes because they can play tennis and golf, but you will have to come and juggle 300 pound barrels of molasses with the same agility as we do, to prove it to me."

There is more than a touch of pathos in this paragraph:

> "Twofold is the pleasure we feel in greeting No. 444 as local editor at Clinton. First of all we are glad that No. 77, the recent editor, has gone home. He did some good work and we respected him personally. Secondly, and happily, our local editors have a habit of going home, and even though we may be compelled to linger, we should rejoice to see No. 444 depart. No. 77 will be remembered by all as Sing Sing No. 56714. We wish him God speed on his journey through life.—EDITOR IN CHIEF."

Evidently some of the inmates must be of a very inquiring turn of mind as in the Questions and Answers column is the following:

> "We do not know who Cain's wife was, and are of opinion that there is no one in this world who does. The question of her identity has never been settled."

Finally, some of the prisoners evidence a great desire to burst into song, the two following being fair specimens:

> "We start in life in a baby cart
> Escorted by a nurse.
> But one and all must needs depart
> A-riding in a hearse."

and

> "The Irish ride their jaunting car;
> In droshkies Russians like to ride,
> In hansoms English travel far;
> Fiacres are the Frenchman's pride,
> But your true blue Yankee likes to take a whirl
> In a one horse buggy with a one best girl."

Both of the above are, of course, mere doggerel, but they go to prove that the long term prisoner in America still manages to to act up to the motto, "Always merry and bright."

LADIES
should watch the London
Daily Express
every Monday for Special Announcements of the Leading London Drapers.
On Sale Everywhere. One Halfpenny.

MERRY MOCK FUNERALS.

An Old Cambridge Man Tells what a 'Varsity Rag is Really Like.

ONE of the most exciting times in the life of the undergraduate is when he is "sent down" for some offence against the laws of the University.

"Sending down" is the Varsity phrase for expelling a man from Oxford or Cambridge, though to be expelled doesn't always mean that it has been done for anything disgraceful.

When a well-known man is sent down from Cambridge he is given a "mock funeral." Recently, for instance, a popular member of Christ's College was given one of the most showy "funerals" he is ever likely to have in his life!

I remember one of these funerals because it was, up till then, the largest and most extraordinary that had ever taken place. A hearse had been hired and the "corpse" sat on the top of it in solitary glory. On his head was fixed a policeman's helmet which he had acquired in a former rag, while as the hearse moved slowly down the street the "corpse" vigorously played the latest airs on the bagpipes!

In front of the hearse walked a number of undergraduates, dressed in all sorts of weird costumes, in skirts, rowing "shorts" as boy scouts, policemen, Red Indians, nigger minstrels, and so on. Each man had an instrument of some kind with which to make a noise. Rattles, bones, trumpets, megaphones, whistles, and bells served to make such "music" as had never been heard at a funeral before.

Coster Barrows and Motor-cars.

Behind the hearse followed scores of vehicles, which extended for nearly a mile. Coster barrows, bicycles, old four-wheelers, up-to-date motor-cars, hansoms, and a milkman's cart, crowded with "sorrowing relatives" stretched away behind the "corpse." Four undergraduates had acquired a cart-horse from somewhere, and made strenuous efforts to ride it all at once.

In this way was the "corpse" escorted to the station to be seen off by train.

Your average undergraduate makes any excuse sufficient for a rag. I remember the year the "All Blacks" played Cambridge at Rugby. Though the Varsity were defeated they were not disheartened, and a gigantic rag followed the match.

Special police had been drafted into the town, and the Market Square was surrounded by mounted constables. I have never seen a body of mounted police scattered in quicker time than on that night. Hundreds of undergraduates surrounded the square, each armed with squibs. At a given signal these were lighted and thrown under the horses' feet.

It was, of course, an exceedingly dangerous thing to do, but at a time like that your undergraduate doesn't think about danger in the slightest. That night we did a thousand pounds' worth of damage in a couple of hours.

Paid for the Damage Like Lambs.

Every available thing that would burn was burnt. Hundreds of feet of wooden pailings were torn up and thrown on a huge fire. Next day, however, the University authorities issued a notice stating the amount of the damage and asking the undergraduates to pay. The thousand pounds was subscribed before nightfall.

Besides those times when the colleges combine to have a gigantic rag, every college has its own rag time. November 5th always sees half a dozen college rags, as does the night when the annual "bumping" races are finished.

On one such night the authorities of one of the colleges anticipated a rag and patrolled the college grounds ready to quiet it. Hour after hour passed by and nothing happened. Eleven o'clock struck, twelve o'clock, and then one. Hardly had the clock finished chiming than the grounds were picked out by a powerful searchlight, and the dons were shown prowling round to catch any unfortunate undergraduate!

The whole college, however, was on the roofs! As the searchlight swept the grounds there came the sound of "Rule, Britannia," played on various weird instruments. The dons procured ladders, but squibs and crackers were showered down upon them, making their attempt to carry the roofs hopeless.

—To obtain it they have smashed windows, waylaid Cabinet ministers, ruined golf greens, and used bombs. ☛

Dr Hartop's Discovery

How a Clever M.D. Averted One Tragedy but Caused Another.

By WALTER BOYLE.

"You will understand, Dr. Hartop, how very painful it is for me to have to take this step with regard to my wife, but these delusions are growing upon her, and I am afraid that it will be necessary to put her under better care than I can give her at home."

The doctor studied the blotting-pad on the desk in front of him intently for a few moments, then suddenly turning his gaze on the man in the easy-chair beside him—a disconcerting trick of his—he said abruptly:

"In short, Mr. Arnold, you wish me to certify Mrs. Arnold insane, so that you may put her into an asylum?"

"Well, yes, that, in short, is what I fear will be necessary," the visitor replied hesitatingly. It was contrary to Sidney Arnold's character to say anything really definite, and Dr. Hartop's bluntness jarred on him. He stroked his long, drooping black moustache, so that his hand covered his mouth, which he knew sometimes gave him away, and looked at the doctor through his glasses as firmly as his shifty eyes would allow. "I am, of course, anxious to get the very best advice before taking such drastic measures, and so I ran up to town to-day from Burfleet to see you."

Dr. Hartop nodded his acknowledgment, but frowned as he did so, for there was something about Mr. Arnold that repelled him.

"Our local medical man is quite prepared to sign a certificate, but, as a second signature is necessary, I should prefer it to be yours." He looked away again from the doctor and coughed behind his hand. "In the event of your being satisfied I should have to bow to the inevitable."

"When can I see the patient?" said Dr. Hartop.

"If you could make it convenient to run down to our place one night and stay until the next morning——" began Mr. Arnold.

"Will the evening after next suit?" the Doctor, who had been consulting his engagement-book, interrupted.

"Perfectly," answered his visitor.

"Very well," answered Dr. Hartop. "I shall come down on my car. You may expect me at about seven o'clock. Good-night!"

He shook hands at the door of his consulting-room, where a maid took charge of Mr. Arnold. Then returning to his desk he sat for some time thinking deeply, concluding by exclaiming to himself, "What a beastly limp, clammy hand the man has got."

Two evenings later found Dr. Hartop at the Old House, Burfleet, and at dinner he met Mrs. Arnold, in whom he found himself greatly interested. She was a pretty woman, considerably younger than her husband, with a wealth of fair hair and a beautiful complexion. Her mouth and chin were firm, and the doctor could detect no outward signs of mental weakness, with the sole exception of her eyes, which were exceptionally large, and gave her a haunted, frightened look that he did not like.

When his wife had gone to the drawing-room, Arnold gave the doctor further particulars of her history. They had been married five years and had no children. So far as he knew there was no insanity in the family, and it was only during the past year that Mrs. Arnold had developed the delusions which now held her, and they had gradually grown in intensity as time went on.

The first occasion was after a supper party, when the talk had turned to spiritualism. That night he had been reading late, and she had suddenly rushed from her bedroom shrieking. When he had managed to calm her down, she told him that she woke up with a start, to find the room in darkness, and at the other end of the room the luminous figure of a woman who stretched out her arms to her imploringly. He had, of course, told his wife that it was all nonsense, and she herself laughed at her nightmare the next day.

About a week later the same thing happened, but this time Mrs. Arnold said there was a man standing behind the woman, with a wicked smile on his face. For weeks after she used to wait for her husband to go to bed before retiring herself, and nothing further had happened. Then the effect of the frights she had received wore off and, being tired one night, she did not sit up for him, with the result that she had another vision, but this time the man stabbed the woman.

"Needless to say," Arnold said, "I dealt with her very firmly, and insisted that the whole thing was only her morbid fancy. Indeed, I am sorry to say it has resulted in my refusing to be in the same room at night, for although these visions do not seem to occur when I am with her, she wakes up a dozen times during the night screaming. Unfortunately, too, Dr. Hartop," he said with a sniffle, "she appears to think that I have mesmerised her, or something equally ridiculous."

Dr. Hartop could not help smiling at the idea of Mr. Arnold with his receding chin, weak mouth, and colourless eyes, hypnotising anyone.

The latter, however, mistook the cause of the smile. "Very absurd, isn't it?" he laughed. Then, recovering himself, he said: "But you must have a chat with her yourself. We will go into the drawing-room now and I will invent an excuse to leave you two alone together."

He was not long in making the opportunity, for shortly after they had joined Mrs. Arnold he remembered that he had to write a letter, and so left Dr. Hartop and his wife alone.

Directly her husband was out of the room Mrs. Arnold crossed over hurriedly and shut the door, then returning to her seat by the fire, she leaned towards the doctor, and speaking in a low, excited tone, she said:

"I know why you are here, Dr. Hartop. Oh, yes, I know. You have come to see whether I am mad, but I am no more mad than you are. You needn't look at me like that. I suppose that is what we all say, don't we? Mad! I soon shall be if this goes on. Why, only last night there was another ghastly murder done in my room, and I was as wide awake as I am now. I had not been in bed more than an hour when that woman came to me again. I was not asleep—I don't think I ever sleep now—but she came to me again as plainly as possible, and just as she has done a hundred times before. And then the man came!" and she shuddered violently. "Oh, his beastly cruel face! He came right through the wall, creeping up behind the woman. A knife was in his hand, and he plunged it into her back and she fell forwards. When I uncovered my eyes they were gone. What have I done to be punished like this? I wish I were dead!" and she started to sob unrestrainedly.

Dr. Hartop laid his hand lightly on her arm, and spoke in the gentle soothing voice which had calmed so many frenzied patients.

"My dear Mrs. Hartop! This will never do, you know. You mustn't look on me as an enemy. I am here to help you. Your husband is a plain, ordinary-thinking man and does not understand these things as we do. Now, just answer my questions as well as you can, and we will see what can be done. In the first place, have these affairs all taken place in one room?"

"Always in my bedroom," she answered more composedly, but nervously plucking at her sleeve as she spoke.

"Why have you not changed your room, then?"

"I wanted to at first, but my husband would not let me. He laughed at my fears and said the servants would think me mad. He even switches out the lights now, so that I shall be in darkness, as he says that firmness is the only cure for me. I believe he hates me, and always he holds over me the threat that he will be obliged to have me put away."

Mrs. Arnold paused for a few seconds, then said in a whisper, with a glance behind her, as though afraid of being overheard: "Will you do something for me, Dr. Hartop? If these ghosts should come to me to-night, and they have come every night for the past week, I want you to be there to see them. Then, if they are not visible to you I shall believe I am insane," and she laughed hysterically.

"It can easily be arranged. Outside my room is a large cupboard, in which you can stay until I call you by tapping on the wall. Instead of going to bed I will sit in a chair close to the wall, so that I have only to reach out my hand to knock on it. My room is in the west wing and yours is in the main building, on the same floor, so that you will have to turn the corner on the right, and it is the second door on the right. Promise me," she begged, as Arnold was heard approaching. "Promise me!"

Foolish as he thought the idea, Dr. Hartop gave his word, more to calm her than for any other reason, and immediately after Arnold came in smiling. Dr. Hartop felt that his greatest pleasure in life would be to kick him.

Shortly after, Arnold gave a hint that it was time to retire, and they went upstairs together, he accompanying the doctor to his room, while his wife, with a brief "Good-night" went to hers.

"Well," he asked, before he left Dr. Hartop, "what do you think of her?"

"Her delusions seem to be very deep-seated," replied the other stiffly, for he did not like Arnold's way of rubbing his hands together as though pleased with himself, "but I will have a talk with you in the morning. Good-night!"

Dr. Hartop closed the door, took off his boots and collar, and, mindful of his promise, lit a cigar and sat in a chair until the household should be asleep. The electric light went out before he had done, but he smoked on in the dark. His cigar finished, he threw it in the grate and opened the door noiselessly. Everything was quiet as he crept along the passage and round the corner, until he came, with the aid of his pocket electric torch, to the closet by the side of the second door; and in this he took up his position.

He had scarcely done so when he heard muffled footsteps coming towards him. They stopped opposite the door by his side, and whoever was there, paused and listened intently, as he could tell by the restrained breathing. Then they went off again, and the doctor heard them cease once more outside, as he judged, his own room, afterwards fading away into the distance.

It seemed to Dr. Hartop that he had been standing in the cupboard for ages when a sudden cry and the agitated raps on the wall against which he leaned brought him back from the doze into which he was falling. Flinging open the door of the cupboard, a stride brought him to the bedroom door, which he threw back. The room seemed lighter than the passage, but it was some moments before he took in the surroundings—the white-covered bed, across which lay the moaning form of Mrs. Arnold, the outlines of various pieces of furniture, and then——

Good heavens! Was he mad, too? For there, at the far end of the room, stood the nebulous form of another woman. Misty and indistinct as yet, but gradually taking shape as he looked, until it became complete. She was standing with her hands before her face, and suddenly she held them out before her, beseechingly.

"Good God!" he said aloud. "I must be dreaming!"

Mrs. Arnold raised herself at his voice and, pointing a hand at the woman, cried, "Look, look! You see it, too?" And then let her head fall on the coverlet again. Even as she spoke, although the doctor could see that the solid wall was there, a man came creeping, apparently out of the distance, a dagger in his hand. Step by step the man came nearer and nearer, while he stood rooted to the spot.

Then Dr. Hartop shook off the spell and bounded across the room, just as the man was about to strike. He put out his hands to grapple with the figure, but met only with the wall. To his astonishment, moreover, he saw a heavy shadow of himself in their place, and turning round he found behind him a window which he had not noticed before, by reason of its being at right angles to the door and in a small recess, and through which now streamed a bright light. At that moment this light went out, and the room was plunged into darkness once more.

The doctor gave a low whistle and a laugh of relief, but instantly he realised the necessity of immediate action. Mrs. Arnold was now laughing and crying and moaning alternately, and he bade her sternly be silent. Presently he found his electric torch, and discovering some cold water, dashed it over her face.

"Pull yourself together," he said. "You are the victim of fiendish trickery, and if I am to help you, you must help me. Whose room is that in the other wing of the house, with the window facing this? Quick!" he added fiercely, seeing that she was about to relapse.

Pushing back her damp hair and pressing her hands to her temples, Mrs. Arnold collected her thoughts.

"That is my husband's private study," she answered.

"Then take me there at once!" the doctor ordered. "Please don't waste time; it is of vital importance that no time be wasted."

She caught something of the infection of his manner, and, seizing him by the coat-sleeve, dragged him out of the room, along silent passages, until they came to a door, beneath which a soft light shone.

BE ASSURED
that
TO INSURE
with the
OCEAN ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE
Corporation Ltd., Moorgate St., London,
secures
EASE OF MIND,
Safeguarded Interests
and
Liberal Compensation
TEN MILLIONS PAID IN CLAIMS.

—Still they have not achieved their aim. I want a good method of settling their dispute with the powers that be.

"He is in there!" she whispered hoarsely.

"Then stand on one side," he said. "I am going to get in."

He stopped and placed his ear to the panel. Inside someone was moving about stealthily. He raised his hand and gave a loud knock on the door. Instantly there was silence.

He knocked again, and this time a voice, which he recognised as Arnold's, asked:

"Who's there?"

"It is I, Hartop," said the doctor.

"What do you want?"

"Never mind what I want. Let me in."

"I can't. I am busy," the voice replied, while there were sounds as though someone were moving about feverishly, putting things straight.

"Your wife is ill, and wants you," Dr. Hartop said, as he tried the handle of the door.

"You can attend to her then better than I can; go away," answered Arnold, and there was a note of fear in his voice. A pause. Then:

"Mr. Arnold!"

"Yes."

"I give you fair warning, that unless you open this door inside five seconds, I shall burst it open."

"You try. It is stronger than you think."

"The time is up, Mr. Arnold. Will you let me in?"

The only answer from within was the sound of furniture being dragged hurriedly across the floor towards the door.

Dr. Hartop stepped back a few paces and hurled himself at the door, splitting one of the upper panels, but doing no further damage. A derisive laugh from the room followed, and Arnold could be heard pulling and tugging at some heavier article, probably a desk. The squeal of the castors was suddenly interrupted by a startled shout, succeeded by a heavy metallic crash that shook the place.

Instantly the light beneath the door increased a hundredfold in intensity, and a dull roar filled the air.

"Good God!" the doctor exclaimed. "He's set the house on fire!"

He shook the door violently, hammered on it with his hands and shouted to Arnold, but his voice was drowned in the roar and crackling of burning wood, mingled with the agonised cries of Arnold.

By this time the servants had come running from their quarters, and the doctor shouted to them to bring fire extinguishers and something heavy to break down the door. Mrs. Arnold, who in the presence of real danger was calm and collected, directed them, and while the butler and the doctor hacked at the door the others brought chemical extinguishers and water. Volumes of black, choking smoke, acrid with the smell of burning celluloid, poured through the smashed panels, but the fire seemed to have spent itself by then. Only in one corner where the smoke glowed dully red was there any indication of flame, and with the hiss of the extinguishers this rapidly went black like the rest.

Someone had found the main switch and the house was now flooded with light. It was some time, however, before the doctor pronounced the room safe to enter, and longer before they managed to get inside, for the entry was piled up with several heavy pieces of furniture.

Telling Mrs. Arnold and the servants to wait outside, Dr. Hartop and the butler went in. Near the window, which was boarded up except for a small aperture, lay all that remained of Sidney Arnold, pinned to the ground by a heavy cinematograph machine, which, upon being overturned, had evidently struck him in its fall, and then set the film on fire.

"I cannot pretend to be sympathetic, Mrs. Arnold," Dr. Hartop said to her later. "I am more inclined to congratulate you, for your husband's plan was to persuade yourself and others, with the help of the cinematograph, that you were mad, and, to my mind, such a scheme was far worse than downright murder."

Dr. Hartop went to see the coroner the next morning, privately, to explain the affair to him.

"It was a very ingenious idea," he admitted, "but, like most people who go undiscovered for a long time, Arnold made the mistake of doing his trick once too often. I cannot understand why he did not take the precaution to switch the light off the machine when he had finished, unless it was his intention to run the film through again, to make sure that his wife would be in a bad state in the morning. His motive was apparently to get Mrs. Arnold sent to an asylum, when he would undoubtedly have been appointed trustee of her estate, for I understand that all the money was hers, and that her solicitors were too wide awake to let him do as he pleased with it. Armed with a certificate from the local doctor and one from me, he would have had no difficulty in obtaining the necessary magistrate's signature to an order. I will, of course, run down again for the inquest, but I shall esteem it a personal favour if you will keep as much of this as possible quiet, and let it appear as though Arnold met his death experimenting with the machine."

DON'T! IT'S BAD FORM.

Little Things that "Give You Away" in Polite Society.

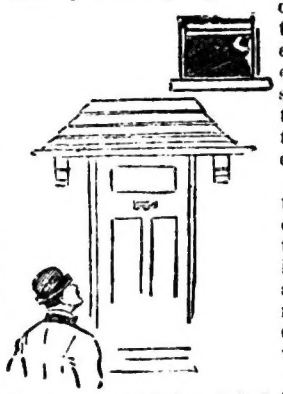
It is very easy to offend against the unwritten laws of polite society, for there are numerous little actions which are considered "bad form," and according to your knowledge or ignorance of these so you will be judged, more especially when you go amongst strangers for the first time.

This gentleman is making a mistake. It is etiquette to wait for the lady to bow first. If she fails to acknowledge you, you should realise that she does not wish to renew your acquaintance.

Take the first illustration, for instance, where the gentleman, with the best intentions in the world, is taking off his hat to a lady. In doing so he is, however, displaying his ignorance of etiquette, which decrees that the *lady* must bow first, whereupon the gentleman at once raises his hat. The idea is, of course, that if the lady does not wish to renew her acquaintance with any particular man she can pretend not to see him, and he must then take the hint. Also, it is very ill-mannered to raise your hat to a lady with your pipe in your mouth.

The man of manners never looks over his shoulder at a passer-by. He either turns right round or walks straight on.

In the second picture the capped individual is committing an error of taste by staring round over his shoulder. If he wishes to look at anyone he should turn right round, but never should he stare behind him in the way shown, if he wishes to be considered a person of manners. To stare up at the windows of houses is, in all circumstances, bad form; but this is more particularly the case when you scan the upper windows of a house where you are going to call, as the culprit is doing in the third illustration. Keep your eyes straight in front of you on such occasions, and do not even try to peep in through the ground-floor windows.



To stare up at windows is bad form, especially if you happen to be calling at the house.

Picture No. 4 illustrates an unpardonable offence against good taste, for, whether it be an apple or merely a few sweets, no well-mannered person would ever dream of eating while out in the streets.

There come occasions when it is necessary for you to make a call upon people whom you do not know very well. When this is the case, etiquette demands that you should take your hat into the drawing-room with you, not hang it up in the hall. The meaning of the action is that you have only come to stay for a short time—that your call is, in fact, a formal one. With intimate friends such formality is unnecessary.

It is an unpardonable offence to eat when out in the street.

The fifth picture shows a man who is giving himself away rather badly. Between the courses he leans back in his chair and thrusts his hands into his trouser pockets. By doing this he is breaking two of the rules of polite society: you should never lean back in your chair when at table, and your hands should remain in your lap when you are not helping yourself to food.

The polite man at meal-times would avoid leaning back between courses. To put his hands in his pockets is also considered bad form.

A mistake which is very often made by members of the fair sex is illustrated in the last drawing. A girl will often fold her arms, and either lay them on the table, as shown in the picture, or else sit in her chair, "wrapped up" in this ungainly fashion. A very vulgar attitude.

At table it is bad form to pick up a piece of bread and take a bite out of it. The diner should break a piece off and place the bit broken off in his mouth. If the bread be crusty, use two hands for breaking it up. To try to crush a crusty piece of bread between the fingers of one hand is, at best, a very ungraceful performance, and not at all easy to accomplish.

A mistake the ladies often make. A well-mannered miss does not rest her arms on the table, nor sit in this ungainly attitude.

It should really be unnecessary to mention one piece of very ordinary good manners which every man is called upon to perform many times during the year. And yet it is surprising to notice the number of people who forget to do so, although from their appearance one would think they knew better.

The courtesy referred to is that of giving a lady the inside of the pavement when you are walking with her. The man, of course, should always be nearest the roadway when walking with a girl.

RESULTS OF FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

"ROLL" CONTEST.

The problem set for solution by lady readers was, "Why did the penny roll?" and the prize of a blue-bird brooch has been forwarded to each of the following five contributors of the best attempts:

Mrs J. W. Davis, 38 Earshall Rd., Willheath; Miss E. M. Faithing, The Bridge, Bourton, Dorset; Mrs J. Hambley, 65 North Circular Rd., Lower Dorset St., Dublin; Mrs. M. Marsden, 278 Turf Lane, Royton, Oldham; Mrs. J. Russell, 3 Strathcona Drive, Anniesland, Glasgow.

"GUEST" CONTEST.

Prizes of five silver watches were offered for the best short letters supposed to be sent by a successful competitor in our "Football Tripshots" contests, conveying the intelligence to a friend that he (or she) had been "nominated" to accompany the party of guests. The following were the prizewinners:

A. Brown, 546 Gallowgate, Glasgow; E. R. Dakin, 82 Islingword Rd., Brighton; R. Gooddy, Lynn Dene, Allen Rd., Urmston, Manchester; T. Leonard, 78 Abbey Rd., Oxford; J. G. Ratson, Bank Cottage, Langwathby, Cumberland.

"MARY" CONTEST.

For the five funniest parodies of the familiar rhyme, "Mary had a little lamb"—the first line of the parody to be "Mary was a Suffragette"—prizes of electric hand-lamps were offered, and these were won by:

T. D. Cullis, 17 Eaton Cres., Swansea; W. J. Flatman, 41 Farnham Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham; J. H. Foreman, 80 Blackfriars Rd., Portsmouth; Miss D. Johnstone, 62 St. Albans Ave., Bedford Park, W.; Miss M. Price, Pear Tree House, Ongar.

"PRESS" CONTEST.

Drawings of "the Editor at his desk on press day" were asked for, the pictures to consist of not more than twenty-five straight lines only. The five stylo pens offered for the best imaginative sketches were thus awarded:

F. O. W. Bamberger, 3 Lancaster Rd., Belsize Park, N.W.; J. H. Cornwell, 4 Ashmere Grove, Acre Lane, Brixton, S.W.; E. S. Lucas, 56 York Ave., Whalley Range, Manchester; R. G. Somerville, 10 Jackson Rd., Holloway, N.; W. C. Wright, The Firs, Park Rd., Norton, Malton.

"HIGH-FLOWN" CONTEST.

Readers were invited to write a brief description of *Pearson's Weekly* in very "high-flown" language. The five best descriptions thus worded were received from the following, to each of whom a sealing-wax set has been sent:

G. H. Hope, 130 Victoria Drive, Eastbourne; C. Ramsden, Ingfield, Wyke, Bradford; Miss A. Rodgers, Beaconholm, Formby, Liverpool; Miss G. Savage, The College, Seaford; Miss E. Toms, Selwyn, Union Lane, St. Albans.

"HONEY" CONTEST.

Lady readers were asked to say "Why a pretty flapper is like a jar of honey," and for the five best replies received, prizes of blue-bird brooches have been allocated as follows:

Miss J. Burdon, 538 High Rd., Chiswick, W.; Mrs. R. G. Caselton, 37 Pembroke Rd., Erith, Kent; Mrs. E. M. Cottrill, 20 Hollingbury Pk. Ave., Brighton; Mrs. H. Smith, 2 Copnor Rd., Portsmouth; Miss R. Stewart, 8 Tullie St., Carlisle.

—Not more than thirty words. For the five best methods I will give Briar Pipes. Mark postcards "Vote." (See p. 938.)

NO Goals Required.

NO Entry Fee.

£500 A Week

You May Send as Many Attempts as You Like.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO:

CLOSING DATE, FRIDAY, MARCH 14th.

On the entry form below you will find the names of the clubs taking part in matches to be played on Saturday, March 15th. You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will **lose**. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a **draw**, then leave names of both teams in.

THIS Football Skill Competition has been devised for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football, and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £500, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

It so frequently happens that the success of a team is seriously affected by the presence or absence of one particular player or by other local conditions. In order, therefore, to enable individual competitors to exercise their football skill and knowledge to the fullest extent we permit them to send in more than one entry form where they consider it necessary.

Any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.

Competitors May Send as Many Attempts as They Wish.

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend "Pearson's Football Annual," price 3d. (or post free 4d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.), in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of play in past seasons, and results of corresponding League matches played last season, all of which are of enormous assistance in marking your coupon.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL CONTEST No. 24.

Matches Played on Saturday, Feb. 15th.

In this contest the consolation prize of £25 has been divided between two competitors who had each two errors:

CHAS. LACEY, 89 Picardy Hill, Belvedere, Kent; and MRS. W. VAUGHAN, 14 Burton Street, Birkenhead.

Conditions with which Competitors Must Comply

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. Names and addresses must be written in ink in the space provided. Typewriting and blacklead pencil cannot be accepted.
3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Football No. 28" in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Friday, March 14th.
4. Competitors may send in as many entry forms as they wish, and any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.
5. The sum of £500 will be awarded to the competitor from whom the Editor receives an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In the event of one or more matches not being played on the date given in the coupon, the £500 will not be awarded.
6. Should no competitor give the correct results of all the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor who sends the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided
7. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
8. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
11. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

Cut Out Coupon and Post to Us Unfolded.

Pearson's Football Contest
No. 28.

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 15th

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Scotland	v	Ireland
Newcastle United	v	Blackburn Rovers
Sheffield United	v	Derby County
Manchester United	v	Sunderland
Oldham Athletic	v	Sheffield Wednesday
Chelsea	v	Everton
Woolwich Arsenal	v	West Bromwich Albion
Bradford City	v	Manchester City
Lincoln City	v	Birmingham
Clapton Orient	v	Huddersfield Town
Hull City	v	Grimsby Town
Stockport County	v	Barnsley
Glossop	v	Leeds City
Brighton & Hove Albion	v	Gillingham
Bristol Rovers	v	Stoke
Crystal Palace	v	Plymouth Argyle
Exeter City	v	Queen's Park Rangers
Watford	v	Reading
Merthyr Town	v	Southampton
Portsmouth	v	Brentford

Matches take place on the ground of the first-named club

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

FOOTER FACTS AND FANCIES.

The "Double Event."

NEXT Saturday the Fourth Round of the English Cup will be decided, and footballers are already speculating upon the "double event." Only two clubs have accomplished the double feat of winning both the League championship and the English Cup in the same season.

In 1888-89 Preston North End won the League championship without losing a match, and also won the English Cup without having a goal scored against them throughout the competition. It is quite safe to state that it will be a very long time before this double record will be repeated. In fact it is extremely doubtful if the feat will ever be equalled.

Bury, however, in 1903 equalled Preston North End's record, so far as the English Cup was concerned for they won the trophy, without losing a single goal. Bury also hold the record for high scoring in the Final Tie, for in the same memorable year they scored 6—0 against Derby County at the Crystal Palace.

The only other club that had the honour of winning the English Cup and the championship of the League in the same season was Aston Villa, who accomplished the double event in 1896-7.

Wonderful Wearsiders.

We must congratulate Sunderland on topping the League ladder. Their rise has been truly phenomenal. They started the season in disastrous fashion, failing to register a win in their first seven matches, and scoring but five goals against eighteen. Since then they have played nineteen matches, of which number fifteen have been won, three lost, and one drawn, and their goal record has been 53 for and 15 against, so it will be seen that they have had fewer goals scored against them in the last nineteen matches than they had in the first seven. Can the Wearsiders bring off the "double"?

Sunderland have survived the first three rounds of the Cup, in which they have scored 12 goals to 2. The only club remaining in the Cup which have more goals to their credit is Aston Villa, and they only lead by one. What a battle of giants there would be if these two clubs met in the Final!

Burnley is the only Second Division club that has a chance of accomplishing the "double feat," for, although Bradford settled the Cup aspirations of Sheffield Wednesday, as "Footer Facts" stated they would, they have no chance of annexing the League Championship.

The "English" Cup.

It is a well-known fact that quite a large number of "aliens" annually take part in the great struggle for the English Cup. For instance, in one game in the Third Round, between Bradford and Sheffield Wednesday, the Englishmen were, as a matter of fact, in the minority, no fewer than twelve Scotsmen appearing in the match.

It is all very well to say it is *not* the English Cup, and that the proper title for the trophy is the Football Association Cup, and that Welsh clubs have competed in the competition this year, and that even a Scottish club has entered the competition in years gone by, and that there is nothing in the Cup rules to prevent Scottish teams competing again.

But when every possible explanation has been made, every qualification offered, and every excuse suggested, no one can say that the English Cup Competition is on a satisfactory basis, when so many "aliens" appear in the teams.

Sooner or later a birth qualification will be introduced into the English Cup, and the day may not be far distant when we shall see the English Cup being fought for by Englishmen, the Scottish Cup by Scotsmen, and the Welsh and Irish trophies by Welshmen and Irishmen respectively.

When that time arrives it may lead to a great national contest in a real "British Football Cup Competition."

Erin-go-Bragh.

Everything in the football world paled into insignificance when Ireland defeated England in the recent International at Belfast. After thirty-one games between the two countries the Shamrock at last triumphed. The greatest praise is due to them, for the team was, in a manner of speaking, quite a scratch one, as it had to be considerably altered owing to the inability of many of the original selections to turn out, and the game itself was played for the greater part of the time with but ten men owing to an accident to Macauley.

Ireland's persistent endeavour has at last met with its reward, and all good sportsmen will echo the hope that they may go on and win the International championship. Ireland will encounter Scotland at Glasgow on Saturday week, and if they can lower the pride of the Thistle the victory will go a long way to making sure of the championship.

A Word About Coupon No. 28.

Readers will note that all the League games in Coupon 28 are return matches for those played on November 9th. The only visiting team which won was Bradford City. The homesters in all the other engagements won, with the exceptions of Huddersfield, Barnsley, Gillingham, and Plymouth Argyle, who drew with Clapton Orient, Stockport County, Brighton, and Crystal Palace respectively. Don't forget that the venue is now changed in all the matches.

Of course you know all about "Middles." I want a good sentence— ☛

A HEART OF HATE

"You have made me a beast, and when you open the door of my cell, you will let out Satan himself."

— By —

LADBROKE BLACK

(Author of "My Son—or a Stranger's?")

THE STORY IN A NUTSHELL.

JASPER THORNTON: A man who has spent ten years in prison for a crime which he never committed. Before his release he inherits a huge fortune, and with this at his back, he vows to make life unbearable for—

HENRY MUMFORD, the man for whose crime he suffered. Mumford is now a wealthy financier, supposed to be a widower.

MARGARET MUMFORD: The financier's only child. She is the one person in the world whom Mumford regards unselfishly.

JOHN HATTON: A young man who is released from prison with Thornton. The latter pays him twenty pounds a week to assist him in his scheme of revenge. Hatton has obtained the post of private secretary at Mr. Mumford's residence.

MARY HATTON: John's sister. She wants her brother to go straight, but she cannot get him out of Thornton's clutches. She is a typist employed at Mr. Mumford's office.

CYRIL LAMBERT: Margaret Mumford's lover.

MRS. MUMFORD: Henry Mumford's wife. She is a drug maniac and deals in the White Slave traffic. For £5,000 she promises to kidnap a girl for Jasper Thornton, and to condemn her to a life of shame. The girl is her own daughter, Margaret.

CHAPTER IX.

Face to Face.

JASPER THORNTON'S destination was a square of old and noble Georgian houses, which stood in one of the most fashionable neighbourhoods of the West End. From an architectural point of view the square was one of the beauties of the Metropolis, and very few people there were who knew the shameless secret that lay within the compass of its stately buildings.

On one side of the square the line of houses was broken by an iron gate, itself a piece of fine work from another age. This gate gave entrance to a private court-yard, which seemed to pass to the back of the house, where its termination was hidden from the casual passer-by.

A curious person might have noticed that the blinds of all the windows, except those on the ground floor, which faced the square, were always drawn, and anybody pushing his inquiries still further might have discovered from the postal directory that the house was in the occupation of a Count Martini.

The Count was well known in a certain section of society, and was famous for his lavish entertainments. Two or three times a week carriages would draw up at his door, and the same curious person, if he had existed, might have noticed that the persons who alighted were all gentlemen, and that never, except on very rare occasions, was a lady seen to call.

Sometimes other carriages, their blinds securely drawn, passed through the iron gateway and disappeared in the covered court-yard.

It was in this house, shielded from observation, though surrounded on every side by the conventional securities of modern civilisation, that the infamous business of the White Slave traffic was conducted.

Policemen passed the door on their beat, unsuspicious and unsuspecting, while on the other side of the wall human beings were bought and sold like cattle.

It was the central mart of the White Slave traffic, where human "goods" from the Continent and from Great Britain itself were put up to the highest bidder.

It was to this den of infamy that Jasper Thornton, exulting in his triumph over his enemy, made his way. Mrs. Mumford had supplied him with all the necessary information to secure admission, and when the door was opened, and he had uttered the pass-word to the sober solemn-looking man-servant he was at once allowed to enter.

He inquired for Mrs. Mumford, and was told that she had not yet arrived, and meanwhile he was asked to wait in one of the handsomely appointed rooms on the ground floor. Here he walked up and down in a fever of anxiety, his watch in his hand. Seven o'clock came and went, the minutes dragged themselves out. He rang, and asked the servant to make inquiries. At last, at a quarter to eight, he suggested that someone should telephone to the house in Chelsea.

He could hear the bell ringing from another apartment, and he strained his ears to listen, but could catch none of the conversation that passed across the wire. Presently the same solemn man-servant entered, evident concern written on his face.

"I'm afraid there's been an accident, sir," he said.

"An accident! What do you mean? Don't tell me the girl hasn't been caught."

"As far as I can understand, sir, the goods"—he emphasised the word, as if by way of protest against the other's bluntness of speech—"were safely obtained. The lady left her house in Chelsea with them at half-past six and should have delivered them here by seven at the latest, but some serious accident seems to have taken place on the way."

Jasper Thornton's face was livid with rage.

"Hang you and your fine talk! Tell me what's happened to the girl, that I've paid for?"

The man made a mute protest with his hand at the other's violence.

"The brougham returned to Chelsea at a quarter to eight, sir, and I am sorry to say that Mrs. Mumford was found dead on the floor."

Jasper Thornton dismissed all consideration for Mrs. Mumford impatiently. Dead or alive, she mattered nothing to him.

"Where's the girl?" he stormed. "She was to have been brought here. I paid five thousand for the business. Why hasn't she come?"

"I can't say, sir," protested the man in the same suave terms. "She left in the brougham, but she was not in it when it returned, and she has not been delivered here. Something serious must have happened on the way, but of what nature I cannot say."

"Can't you make inquiries?"

"No, sir," answered the man emphatically. "We never make inquiries about goods that have gone astray. It is the rule of our establishment."

For one second Jasper Thornton had a wild longing to seize the man by the throat and dash him against the wall, but, mastering himself with an effort, he demanded to be shown out of the house.

With the same imperturbable manner, the servant conducted him into the hall, and bowed him from the front door into the square.

In Jasper Thorton's mind there burnt a bitter sense of baulked revenge. Apparently his plot had failed; his fiendish plan, by which he was to strike at the man he hated through the degradation of his daughter, had miscarried.

At that moment all the concentrated hate that he had nursed in his soul for ten long years of misery flared up.

He had but one thought now—to see the man who had wronged him, face to face—to get some compensation even now by watching him die.

Hardly knowing what he was doing, he hailed a cab, and bade the man drive to the house at Hyde Park. Without a tremor he rang the bell at the door, and when the footman presented himself he asked to see Mr. Mumford.

"I'm afraid it's impossible, sir," said the man. "Mr. Mumford was brought back from the office seriously ill; the doctor has been with him almost until this moment."

"He hasn't recovered at all then? He is still——" he was going to say dying, but changed the word in time—"he is still unconscious?"

"No, sir, he has regained consciousness, but his strength has been seriously affected by the absence of Miss Margaret. She left the house at half-past three and she has not returned, and the master is very anxious about her."

"Tell your master I have news of his daughter, and that I must see him at once."

The man hesitated.

"Couldn't you send a message, sir?"

"No, I must see him; it is absolutely necessary."

"I couldn't do it on my own responsibility, sir; but if you will be pleased to come in, I will ask the nurse who is in attendance. What name shall I say?"

"No name. Just say that a gentleman who has news about his daughter wishes to see him."

The man retired, leaving Jasper Thornton in the drawing-room. Presently he returned with the nurse.

"Is it absolutely necessary that you should see Mr. Mumford?" she asked. "He is very seriously ill, and my instructions were that he was to be kept perfectly quiet."

"It is absolutely necessary!" retorted Thornton emphatically. "I have news about his daughter which I am sure will interest him, and I must tell it him personally."

"I am Jasper Thornton, and have come at last to take my revenge."

—The words of which begin with the letters in the word "Middles."

The nurse was evidently surprised and not a little uneasy.

"It is true that his anxiety about his daughter's safety is aggravating his fever, and it will greatly relieve his mind to hear that she is safe and well. But couldn't you send the information through me?"

Jasper Thornton shook his head.

"Quite impossible. I must give him the information personally, and in private—in private, you understand?"

"Very well, sir, I shall be exceeding the doctor's instructions; but in the circumstances, seeing how anxious he is to hear of his daughter, I must grant your request. You must promise you won't excite my patient."

"No, I won't excite him!" retorted Jasper Thornton grimly.

The nurse conducted him up the grand staircase to the sick chamber on the first floor.

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Mumford, who brings you news of your daughter," she said as she admitted him.

Then she closed the door behind her and the two men were left alone. Henry Mumford had sat up in bed at the nurse's words, and was staring at Jasper Thornton who stood irresolutely near the door.

At that moment, when at last he had it in his power to torture the dying man, his resolve seemed to weaken.

All those years he had waited for this moment when he could snatch his revenge and make the man suffer as he had suffered, now it seemed hardly worth the doing. He almost shrank from speaking, and only the habit acquired by long pondering on his wrongs forced him to pursue his object.

"My daughter! Where is she? Is she well? Has any accident happened to her? For God's sake tell me quickly."

The voice from the bed had lost all the unctuous melodious tone with which it had been wont to sway thousands of refractory shareholders, clamouring for the savings that had gone into its owner's pocket. Perhaps for the first time since his youth, Henry Mumford spoke with the simple, unaffected eagerness of a natural human creature.

"Where is my daughter? Where is she?"

Jasper Thornton walked quietly across the room, and, taking a chair, sat down beside the bed. Without speaking he looked at the man who lay among the pillows, looked at him fixedly as if he would burn the memory of his sufferings into his brain.

Under that concentrated gaze the excitement on the face of the dying man subsided, and it its place there spread a look of fear.

"Why don't you answer me?" he said petulantly. "Why do you sit there in silence, staring at me? Don't you know I'm tortured with anxiety about the safety of my daughter?"

"Yes, I know that," answered Jasper Thornton gravely.

"Then, why don't you speak? Can't you see how I'm suffering?"

Again that savage resolve that he had nursed in his heart for so long, weakened. It was only with an effort that he forced himself to speak.

"I have waited to see you suffer like this for years, Henry Mumford."

Brutal as the words were, it was the tone in which they were uttered that betrayed the speaker's real meaning. And on Henry Mumford they had a terrible effect. He shrank among the pillows, his cheeks grey with fear, huddling the bed clothes about him like a child that tries to shut out the terrors of the darkness.

"Who are you?" he stammered, the words coming in gasping sobs from his lips.

Jasper Thornton leant forward, pushing his face close to the other man's.

"I am the innocent man you sent to prison for ten long years of misery and suffering; I am the man who through you lost his mother and sister—all those that were near and dear to me; I am Jasper Thornton, and have come at last to take my revenge.

As he listened to the accusing voice, as he looked again at the face of the man he had betrayed and ruined, a terrible cry escaped from Henry Mumford's lips.

"I am punished—justly punished!" he gasped, staring back wildly at Jasper Thornton.

The other man started as if he had been hit: this was not what he had expected—this quiet submission. He had counted upon appeals for mercy: he had figured in his imagination his enemy, in this hour of vengeance, begging to be spared, cringing under the lash of his anger, and he had fed the fires of his deadly hatred with the thought of how he would strike and spare not.

The edge of his wild anger seemed blunted. Now that he admitted his crime, and seemed even to welcome his punishment, he found himself almost pitying this man he had pursued so relentlessly. Only with an effort did he steel himself to torture him further.

"Now you'll suffer something of what I've suffered, but not all. Listen, Henry Mumford. I had a mother and a sister that I loved; it was you who brought

(Continued on column three.)

ALL READERS READ THIS.

We want 130 Football Guests, 100 to witness the Cup Final played at the Crystal Palace on April 19th, and 30 Scottish readers to see the International Scotland v England played at Chelsea on April 5th.

We offer our readers:

Free return railway ticket from their home to London.
Hot Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea.
Trip round London.
Seat in Grand Stand to witness the Final or International.

HOW TO WIN TICKETS.

Each week we give you the name of a popular football club and we wish you to make a "Football Tripshot" on its name.

The club chosen this week is CHELSEA. To make a "Football Tripshot" on CHELSEA you make a phrase or sentence of three words, the initials of which must be letters contained in the name of the popular league club. You may use any three letters you like in any order, but a letter can only be used more than once if it occurs more than once.

An example "Football Tripshot," which must not be used, is:

CHELSEA: SUPPORTERS ENTHUSIASTICALLY CHEER.

When you have made your "Football Tripshot," write it in the space provided on the entry form, and sign your name underneath. Then ask the friend whom you wish to go with you to the Cup Final to put his or her name and address beneath yours.

This week ten free tickets—five pairs—for the Cup Final are offered for the best Football Tripshots.

FOR SCOTLAND ONLY.

In addition to asking 100 of our readers to come to the Cup Final we are inviting 30 readers from Scotland to witness the International Match, Scotland v. England, played at Chelsea on April 5th.

Only readers domiciled in Scotland may enter for these tickets.

All we want you to do is to make a "Football Tripshot" on the name of some famous Scottish team. You will find how to make "Football Tripshots" above.

This week four free tickets—two pairs—for the International match are offered for the best Football Tripshot on RAITH ROVERS, the Scottish League club.

There will only be one more contest for readers living in Scotland, so enter now before it's too late!

ENTRY FORM.

FOOTBALL TRIPSHOTS No. 10

Write your three words clearly in ink.
State here whether English or Scottish Contest.

.....

Tripshot .....

.....

I agree to abide by the conditions and to accept the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" as final.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have filled up the entry form get your friend to sign his or her name below yours, then cut it out, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. No other communication to be included. Names and addresses must be written, not printed, or typewritten.

2. Envelopes, with entries for English Cup Final tickets, must be marked "Chelsea" in the top left-hand corner, and those for the International "Raith." All entries must be posted to arrive not later than Tuesday, March 11th.

3. The prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best. After these have been selected, a free invitation will be sent to each of the readers whose names appear on the winning entry forms, to travel from the addresses given to view the English Cup Final or the International.

4. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

5. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

The results of Contest No. 6 appear on page 926.

A HEART OF HATE *(continued from col. 1).*

them to the grave, while I lay in prison. You have a daughter whom you love. Where is she now?"

There was an exulting ring in his voice, and the dying embers of his hate flared up for a moment in his face. Henry Mumford raised himself in the bed with an effort.

"I did you a great wrong. I deserved to be punished. But my daughter never did you any harm."

"What harm did my mother and sister do you?"

"Only tell me where she is; only let her come to me; and even now I'll make what reparation to you I can."

There was a note of passionate appeal in his voice; his eager excitement was painful to witness. Jasper Thornton had it on his tongue to tell him that his daughter had been sold to a life of degradation, and that the person who had carried out her abduction was her own mother.

But strange and long-unfamiliar emotions stirred faintly in his heart. He paused before he uttered the fatal words which he knew must rack with agony the dying man. And, even as he paused, the door of the sick-room opened, and the nurse came in. Behind her there followed another figure, and as Jasper Thornton saw it he leapt to his feet with an exclamation.

It was Mary Hatton, and the glance of scorn and contempt that she threw at him made him redden with shame.

"Nurse has let me come in, sir," she said, going to the side of the bed, while the financier gazed at her stupidly, "to tell you that I have seen your daughter and that she is quite safe."

Jasper Thornton started. Though he had plotted his diabolical vengeance without a qualm of remorse or a single emotion of pity, he felt now a great relief as he heard Mary's words.

"Where is she? Why doesn't she come to me?" Mr. Mumford asked.

"I found her in a lodging-house in Camden Town; she was unconscious then, but before I left her she had recovered, and she begged me to come and tell you at once, because she knew you would be anxious. As soon as she is strong enough to walk she will follow."

Henry Mumford looked at her in utter amazement.

"Unconscious in a lodging-house in Camden Town," he gasped. "What has happened to her?"

"She told me that she received a telegram purporting to come from Mr. Lambert, asking her to call on his aunt at an address in Chelsea. When she got there she was left in a room by herself, and was given a drug that was drugged. After that she remembers nothing more until she woke up in the lodging-house with me."

Slowly Henry Mumford's gaze shifted from Mary until it lighted upon the face of Jasper Thornton. A paroxysm of rage seized him; he stretched out the accusing hand that shook with the passion of his emotion.

"It was you who did this? This is your vengeance to strike at me through my daughter; but if there's a law in the land you shall suffer for it before I die. Send for the police!"

He reached out his hand to ring the electric bell that hung from a cord over the bed. Seeing his purpose, Jasper Thornton started forward and seized his arm.

"Don't," he said. "You will regret it. Whatever I have done, don't call in the police. That is Providence that your daughter is safe and uninjured."

Henry Mumford struggled wildly to release his arm from the other's iron grip.

"Let go!" he shrieked. "You tried to injure my daughter, and, by Heaven, you shall answer for it!"

"Your daughter has not suffered," retorted Jasper Thornton, in almost mild tones. "She has escaped, and though I plotted this thing against her that I might injure you, I am glad she escaped. I suffered much at your hands, Mumford; I wished to see you suffer, but now I would spare you. I'm not frightened of the police; there are no horrors of prison to which I am not hardened. I only ask you not to ring that bell for your own sake."

"I insist on knowing what you mean; don't think to frighten me now; if you have injured my daughter you shall pay for it."

Jasper Thornton, his face set hard, leant down over the bed and whispered in the dying man's ear.

"Miss Hatton has told you that your daughter was induced by a telegram to visit a certain house in Chelsea. Ask yourself what woman there is you know who lives in Chelsea, and then decide whether you will send for the police."

Henry Mumford looked at him with eyes in which there brooded an unspeakable horror. A choking sob escaped from his lips, and he sank back on the pillows unconscious.

The nurse hurried forward and forced a medicine glass between his teeth, and as she did so the door opened, and Margaret Mumford, looking very pale, came into the room.

(To be concluded next week.)

Kings and Queens of Cinema

MISS LOTTIE BRISCOE.

the Lady Who Needs Twenty Trunks for Her Wardrobe.

MISS BRISCOE is, of course, the well-known picture-play artiste who acts with Arthur V. [illegible], with whom she has been associated [illegible]sionally since the autumn of 1911.

[illegible]e most of the principal stars of the silent [illegible] she served her apprenticeship on the regular [illegible], beginning as a child actress at the age of [illegible], and gradually working her way up.

[illegible] first great success was in "Editha's Burglar," [illegible] she also played the part of Dick in "Two Little [illegible]onds." Shortly afterwards there [illegible]d [illegible] her youthful personality one of the biggest [illegible] lights in the history of the American stage.

Lottie and the Law.

Mr. Augustin Daly had arranged for a magnificent [illegible]vival in New York of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Miss Ada Rehan in the principal [illegible], and he had engaged Lottie to play the part of [illegible].

The rehearsals passed off all right, but on the night [illegible] the production of the piece the Hon. Elbridge [illegible]erry, the self-constituted president of a society which had been formed for the purpose of driving [illegible] children from the American stage, appeared at [illegible]e theatre with a magistrate's warrant, and Mr. Daly was obliged to cancel Lottie's engagement.

Naturally, the little girl was bitterly disappointed, and Mr. Gerry, a kind-hearted gentleman at bottom, tried to soothe her with the present of a ten-dollar gold piece, equal to two pounds in our money. But Lottie was in no mood to be won over. With flashing eyes she upbraided him for what she termed his cruelty in trying to take away her living and wreck her career, and wound up by flinging the coin at his feet, at the same time exclaiming passionately that she would rather play Puck with Miss Rehan than own all the dollars in America; which was a big order, though no doubt Lottie meant it—at the time.

Legal proceedings were at once begun, the whole question was thrashed out before the Courts, and eventually it was held that children might be employed in theatres under proper safeguards; which, of course, was all that reputable managers wanted.

Fourteen Costumes for One Piece.

Commenting, in the course of a recent interview with Mr. P. Doubleyou, on the large salaries earned by moving-picture actresses, Miss Briscoe remarked pertinently that these are not by any means so generous as an outsider might imagine, "for it is the invariable custom for star artistes to provide their own costumes, and these run into a lot of money.

"For instance," she continued, "in the last film in which I appeared, I wore no fewer than fourteen different costumes; and when I tell your lady readers that my regular wardrobe is contained in twenty large trunks, which are constantly being replenished, they, at all events, will be able to form some idea of the expenses under this head of a leading lady in the 'movies.'"

Miss Briscoe makes it part of her business to go twice a week to a cinema theatre in order to watch her own pictures.

"In this way," she says, "I am able to take note of any faults or disagreeable tricks of mannerism I may be prone to, with a view to their subsequent avoidance, for it is only in picture-acting that we artistes can see ourselves as others see us.

"Yes, picture-acting is hard, nerve-trying work, but it has its recompense in the fact that if you do please, you please millions; whilst acting on the real stage can only appeal, at the best, to a very limited circle."

It's Not Worth the Candle.

Notwithstanding her own success, however, Miss Briscoe does not advise any woman to take up play-acting as a profession. In fact, she whimsically describes her pet hobby as "answering letters from stage-struck girls."

"And," she says, "I always answer them in the same strain. The life has undoubtedly a certain fascination, but the pitfalls are many, and the blanks outnumber the prizes by, I should say, fully one thousand to one.

"The work, too, is exceedingly exhausting, especially for a beginner. For example, when I was playing in what we call in America a 'first-class stock company,' we used to give a matinée every day and a show at night. This meant rehearsing the next week's piece at nine o'clock in the morning.

"Rehearsals lasted usually three hours—till twelve. Then a hurried lunch, and back in the theatre by one and on and off the stage until five-thirty in the afternoon, and from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty at night. And during the intervals I had to find time to study my part; and, what was equally as important, arrange for my next week's costumes.

"Not much 'beer and skittles' about that! Eh? What?"

Next week: Augustus Carney (Alkali Ike).

NO MORE HAT BILLS FOR "HUBBIES."

Aluminium hats are the latest suggestion for millinery modes—and aluminium takes a lot of wearing out. Naturally husbands are overjoyed at the prospect, as one hat is likely to last for ever.

—For the five best sentences I will give Stylo Pens. Mark postcards "Sovereigns." See page 33.)

A TALE OF TWO PETERS.

It May Help You to Do a Good Deed.

LITTLE PETER, the sunny-haired boy of the late Captain Scott, is too young to realise the loss of his gallant father, but even to his young mind it must appear strange that no one now points out to him those queer lines and little dots on the map as "the place where daddy is."

One day Peter will learn that daddy cannot come. One day he will learn that those queer lines and little dots on the map merely mark the spot where daddy died. Fortunately, Peter is too young to suffer the disappointment of daddy not returning, but can you imagine the sufferings of an older child when he is disappointed in his greatest desires, when he realises that the one person, or the one thing he most wants, cannot be given him?

Another little Peter (I will not give his real name, as although his mother is poor she is too proud to parade her poverty); this one is just a few years older than the other, for he was seven last January—he also has a sort of map which he studies very carefully.

Peter II. Studies His Map.

Nearly every day this little chap brings out his map—at any rate, we will call it a map, although the only likeness there is, is that it shows English scenery in place of the bleak Antarctic shown on the other map.

This little chap does not study "the place where daddy is," for he is old enough to understand that he has no daddy, and mother has told him that "the angels have taken daddy."

Still, he looks, with longing eyes, at his map, for does it not show something he has not seen before, something of which his sisters have told him, yes, something he is hoping to see?

This little Peter is the youngest of four children of a widow living in one room in a London slum. His eldest sister is only twelve, and when she was at a Fresh Air Fund Outing last summer someone gave her a cheap postcard showing a part of Epping Forest—this postcard is little Peter's map.

Round this postcard wonderful tales have been woven, for Peter's three sisters were all at a Fresh Air Fund outing last summer, and each of them has something of the glories of the country to tell him. Peter loves to hear these tales, for he is to see this wonderful place soon, for mother says he shall go.

Mother Toils and Toils.

Mother toils on day after day, struggling to pay the rent for their miserable garret and buy enough food to stop the cry of hunger, and in answer to Peter's question, "Will I really go to see the fields and cows?" she can only wonder and pray that someone will make sure that Peter is not disappointed.

Will you grant Peter's greatest desire? Will you give an answer to this woman's prayer? Ninepence would send Peter to the country for a day, or, if you can afford it, make it possible for him to be given a fortnight's holiday. It would only cost ten shillings to give Peter two weeks' holiday. Who will give him this holiday? Who will be Peter's good angel?

Write to-day for a Fresh Air Fund Lent Savings Box, addressing a postcard to the Hon. Secretary, F. A. F., *Pearson's Weekly*, 17, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL TRIPSHOTS No. 6.

(See page 924.)

"ENGLISH CUP" TICKETS.

In *P.W.*, dated Feb. 8, three pairs of tickets for the Cup Final were offered for the best Football Tripshots on ASTON VILLA. The attempts selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the senders, were as follows:

ASTON VILLA: *Next Stop—London.*
Sent by Chas. Price, 3 Berkeley St., Worcester; who nominated H. Simpkins, 264 Wylds Lane, Worcester.

ASTON VILLA: *All Shots—"Inners."*
Sent by A. T. Smith, 127 Blythswood Rd., Tyseley, Birmingham; who nominated E. H. Cleveland, 91 Gillott Rd., Birmingham.

ASTON VILLA: *Next Stop—London.*
Sent by Wm. Armistead, 61 Manor Drive, Headingley, Leeds; who nominated Annie Armistead, same address.

"SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL" TICKETS.

In *P.W.*, dated Feb. 8, a pair of tickets for the Scottish International at London was offered to readers domiciled in Scotland for the best Football Tripshot on AIRDRIEONIANS. The attempt selected as the best was received as follows:

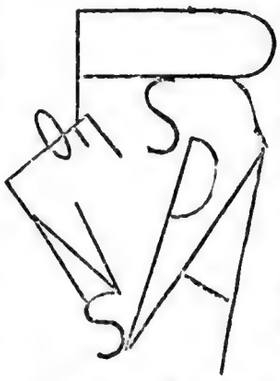
AIRDRIEONIANS: *Exhibitions Affect Drawings.*
Sent by Wm. Thom, 64 Dempster St., Greenock; who nominated D. M. E. Sinclair, 20 Murdieston St., Greenock.

The Odd Corner

IT'S INTERESTING! TRY IT!

MULTIPLY by two your age in years and to the result add 3,824; again add 2, and then divide by 2. From this result subtract your age. The answer appears at the top of every page in this issue excepting "Middles" page.

A MAN OF LETTERS.



THIS face is made up entirely of the letters in "Pearson's." Can you make a better face using the same letters? See "Footline" Contest below.

A TAKING ESSAY.

TAKING is a fine art if you only know what it really is.

You say a new play won't "take," but a thief will. You say a song succeeds because the music is so "taking," but because a thief is so "taking" he gets pinched. Funny, isn't it?

When a photographer "takes" a photograph he gets paid for it, but when a burglar is found "taking" the same photograph there is no end of a fuss.

THE QUEER LIMERICK.

THERE once was a noble old Sioux,
Who eloped with the wife of a Jioux,
When the Jioux tracked them down
In a far distant town
It raised a great how dioux, yioux, dioux!

WHAT'S ON A PENNY?

CAN you find the following on a late Queen Victoria penny?—

1. Part of a river.
2. Well-known flowers.
3. Part of corn.
4. Part of a hill.
5. Something found in potatoes.
6. A means of crossing water.
7. A well-known animal.
8. Part of a bottle.
9. A piece of money.

The answers will be found below.

ENLARGING A FIELD.

A FARMER had a square field with four round ponds at the corners. He wanted to double the size of his field, and yet keep the ponds on the borders.

How did he do it?

Solution below.

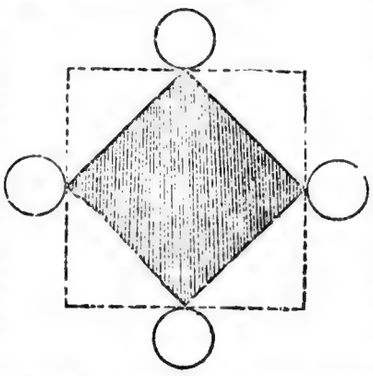
Solutions.

WHAT'S ON A PENNY.

1. The mouth.
2. Tulips. (Two lips).
3. The ears.
4. The brow.
5. Eyes.
6. A bridge (of nose).
7. Hare. (Hair).
8. The neck.
9. A crown.

ENLARGING A FIELD.

This diagram shows how the trick was done. The shaded square indicates the original field, and the dotted line shows where it was enlarged.



WHEN WOMEN USE BOMBS.

A Laundress Caused Six Gendarmes to be Blown to Bits.

WOMEN do not often use bombs, but when they do they usually make fairly effective play with them, as witness the recent dastardly outrage at Mr. Lloyd George's house at Walton-on-the-Hill.

In this instance, however, no lives were lost, luckily. Very different was the result of the explosion of a bomb that was placed by a dissatisfied work-girl under the bench where she was working in a cartridge-factory near Antwerp, on September 6th, 1889.

The building was stored with explosives, and the infernal-machine, which was fitted with a time fuse, was intended to fire these in the middle of the night after the employees had left, and wreck the premises.

But the bomb exploded prematurely, with the result that the perpetrator of the outrage, a young girl named Marie Chantrelle, was blown to pieces together with nearly one hundred of her unfortunate fellow-workers.

Hid the Bombs in Muffs.

Probably the first woman to take an active part in a bomb-throwing outrage was Sophie Perofffski, who was hanged at St. Petersburg on April 15th, 1881, for complicity in the murder of the Tsar Alexander. Two bombs were used on this occasion and each was carried by a woman hidden in a muff, and handed to the actual throwers at the critical moment just as the Tsar was passing.

The other woman was named Jessie Helfman, and she also was arrested and sentenced to be executed. But though equally as guilty as Sophie Perofffskaja, she was ultimately reprieved for the reason that offers for women a loop-hole of escape from death under criminal codes of all civilised countries. She went into exile in Siberia, where she died, and her child, which proved to be a girl, is now earning her living as a music-teacher in a London suburb.

In January, 1885, a woman, now living in Paris, carried a package of dynamite into Westminster Hall and deposited it in the crypt. The stuff was fastened round her waist under a cloak she was wearing, and a male accomplice accompanied her and helped to fix the fuse and detonator.

The resultant explosion did about £10,000 worth of damage and seriously injured two police constables. The woman and her companion escaped.

Women who lend themselves to these dangerous enterprises do not always get off scot free, however; as witness the case of the young female anarchist, Rosa Nitouche, who lost her life in a criminal explosion at Barcelona in June, 1896.

15 Killed in Spain.

The occasion was a religious procession in the street, and Rosa, who took a prominent part in it, made pretence to faint, with a view to causing a certain amount of delay and confusion. The arrangement was that the "comrades" were to take advantage of this in order to hurl their bombs amongst the processionists, taking care, of course, not to throw them anywhere near her.

Owing to misunderstanding, however, the very first bomb thrown fell within a foot or two of the prostrate girl, killing her instantly. This, perhaps, was not greatly to be regretted; but unfortunately fifteen genuine processionists, mostly women and children, shared her fate, while fifty others were more or less seriously injured.

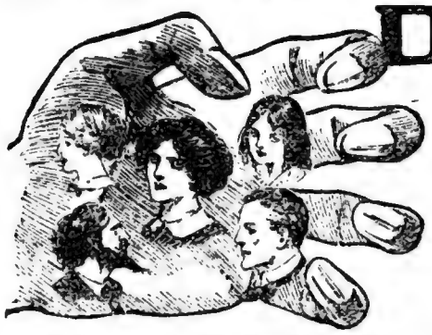
On November 8th, 1892, a woman garbed as a laundress was seen in a Paris street carrying in her arms an iron pot, known there as a boilerette, and which is commonly used by French washerwomen for boiling small articles of under-linen in.

No one appears to have taken any particular notice of her, and she presently deposited her burden on the doorstep of the office of the Carmaux Mining Company, whose employees were just then on strike. This done, she walked quickly away.

A little later two policemen came along, and seeing the derelict boilerette, they removed it to the nearest police-station, where it presently exploded. Six gendarmes were blown to pieces.

Subsequent investigation by experts showed that the iron pot had been filled with gelignite, one of the most powerful explosives then known, and it was surmised that not less than fifteen to twenty pounds of the stuff had been used. The identity of the woman who carried out this horrible outrage has never been revealed.

Turn to the second column on this page. There you will see "A man of letters." I want similar drawings.



DEAD MAN'S GRIP

By ARTHUR APPLIN

AND

ELIZABETH GLAYDE.

JUST TO GUIDE YOU.

It has been told how Hesketh Brand abducts little Olive Strode.

On the eve of her wedding to Philip Derwent, Joan receives the following letter:

"If you want the child I will arrange to bring her to you *on one condition*. You know what I mean. I am willing to forgive your treatment of me, if you'll only come to your senses. Come Joan, no more shilly-shallying. You know as well as I do that *it's got to be.*"

The note is signed "Hesketh Brand."

Joan has barely finished reading the sinister message when Mrs. Cox bustles into the room with a large dress-box bearing Blenkington's label.

To Joan's consternation the box contains the trousseau which was hers as Robert Kirke's bride. She shuts her eyes to blot out the memory of Robert's gift. Then someone touches her on the arm. She turns round dizzily and sways into Philip's arms.

CHAPTER LXXII.

The Uninvited Guest.

"WHAT made you feel ill, darling?" persisted Philip, as he placed Joan in a chair. "You look most frightfully seedy."

"I didn't feel well," said Joan logically. Her voice was very faint, for the pressure of a dead hand was strong upon her heart.

"And what's all this? Hullo, something from old Blenkington's. What is it? Another trousseau, or what?"

Joan did not answer.

The words "*Robert Kirke's wife*" had set themselves to a dreadfully jingling tune in her head.

What would happen next? Would he notice those embroidered initials—J. K.? Joan saw them everywhere—carpet, curtain, pictures—everything in the room appeared to her disordered imagination to be marked in huge glaring letters J. K. But Philip did not see them, the white and lacy heap was too essentially feminine for masculine eyes.

"Somehow I'd sooner think you were going to wear those little bits of things I've so often seen you sewing away at when I've been here in the evenings," he said quietly.

And then he stooped to pick up something which had slipped from the table to the floor—a yellow silk kimono.

Joan was suddenly conscious of a change in the atmosphere of the whole room, and most of all in Philip.

"Joan—this thing—this kimono—where did you get it from?"

His voice was hoarse, and the words came slowly. His grey eyes grew stern as they stared fixedly at the girl.

"It was—sent to me," whispered Joan with difficulty.

"By whom?"

"I don't know!"

"*Don't know?* Was there no letter, nothing to indicate the sender?"

"No."

"Did it come with these other things?"

A long pause.

"Yes."

A longer silence.

Philip could not think. Joan, realising that her future was at stake, roused herself from her apathy. She meant to fight for her happiness—fight Robert Kirke himself if necessary.

She rose unsteadily from her chair and faced him.

"Philip, I don't know who sent those things—I don't want to. But you know that I have a secret which I have promised never to reveal?"

Philip nodded. He remembered that other time when he had pressed her for an explanation about the yellow kimono, when Jephson had pointed out to him that he and Joan must trust each other.

And now Joan knew his secret whilst he was still in the dark.

"Joan," he said at last, "this is the eve of our wedding-day. Are we going to meet in the church to-morrow morning with a secret between us? Can't you possibly tell me?"

"I can't, Philip." Joan's voice was very low. "Please trust me. Some day I hope I shall be able to tell you everything, but for the present—trust me."

Her voice broke, and she flung out her arms like a child seeking for guidance in a dark room. "Oh, Philip, love me, and trust me always."

Philip seized her—held her to him.

"Always, dear, always—and to-morrow you'll be mine."

"To-morrow," murmured Joan dreamily.

The shadow was forgotten.

* * * * *

The winter sun shone bravely on the January afternoon upon which Joan Lester was to become Philip Derwent's wife. It lit up the grey walls of the old church, and sent great slanting shafts of light through the ancient stained glass windows, to fall in streaks of crimson, blue, and violet upon the stone floor.

It was about one o'clock.

Joan had selected that hour for her wedding in order that some of her girl friends from Blenkington's might be present.

They were there—a score of them—with their quiet black dresses—that etiquette decreed they must wear in the shop—covered with smart coats. Their presence created an air of festivity.

Mrs. Cox, in her best black dress, very bright yellow kid boots, and white gloves, made her way to one of the front seats, in which she sat smiling. One or two stray old women wandered in, attracted apparently by the unmistakable air of a wedding which no feminine heart can resist. Philip Derwent and one of his friends took their places at the top of the aisle, and then fell the expectant silence which inevitably precedes the triumphal entry of the bride.

At last a faint stir at the door, and every pair of eyes turned quickly in that direction, and a wistful half sigh of admiration arose from the hard-worked shop-girls as Joan entered, and walked slowly up the aisle on the trusty arm of Thomas Christian Jephson, who, as he promised, had come back from his holiday for the wedding.

Joan was pale but very beautiful, in the exquisitely simple white silk and chiffon dress, which, with a nice fat cheque, had been the great Blenkington's wedding-present to the happy young couple.

She carried great lilies; there was orange blossom like a crown on her bright hair, and a soft silvery veil fell, like a summer morning's mist, over her face.

Slowly, and with her fair head slightly bent, she made her way towards the man she loved, to the man whose love for her had been stronger than his fear of a shameful death. She was happy—in a very short time she would be safe—beyond the fear of Rachel Strode, Hesketh Brand, and, above all, Robert Kirke.

At last she stood before him, a glorious colour now in her fair cheeks—the incarnation of joy, of truth, and of hope, of radiant maidenhood trembling upon the threshold of a new and wonderful life.

The next moment the first words were spoken: "If any man can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

As the priest concluded his solemn adjuration he paused for the customary moment. But apparently nobody knew of any reason why Philip Derwent and Joan Lester ought not to be lawfully joined together, for there was no interruption, except that somewhere from the shadows at the back of the church came a short, croaking sound which might or might not have been a laugh.

But the only person in the shadows was an old, bent woman huddled up in a corner of the seat, who had probably coughed, for she gave no further sign of anxiety to interrupt the ceremony.

The clergyman continued.

"I require and charge you both as ye will answer at the dreadful Day of Judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed——"

He stopped again suddenly, and peered down the centre aisle.

Through the church vibrated a sort of mental wireless message: "*Something was wrong.*"

People began to whisper. What was the clergyman

(Continued on page 928.)

"The Right Stuff."

That's what the thousands of men and women who have cured themselves of extreme stoutness by means of the simple, harmless, and pleasant remedy, Antipon, say about this marvellous product. It is, indeed, "the right stuff," for its tonic value is as great as its matchless obesity-reducing power. It is the one remedy that *permanently cures* over-fatness in any stage of development. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the obesity, however long-standing, yields readily to the curative influence of Antipon, and normal weight and symmetry are regained without a hitch in the process; in the hundredth case there is invariably some unusual physical abnormality militating against the action of Antipon.

The most competent specialists say Antipon is "the right stuff"; as witness the world-known French physician and discoverer, Dr. Ricciardi, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, who writes the following tribute: "I must frankly say that Antipon is the only product I have ever met with for very quick, very efficacious, and absolutely harmless reduction of obesity. All other things are perfectly useless, and some absolutely dangerous. I like to do justice to such perfect products."

What renders Antipon matchless is that it goes to the very root of the evil, attacking the (so to call it) *core of the disease*—the abnormal bodily disposition to store up masses of needless fatty matter in the system. That dangerous surplus being rooted out during the rapid process of getting rid of the superfluous deposits, it stands to reason there is an end to the obesity. It is done with; need not be dreaded in the future.

Then for the repair of the muscular fibre and the general reinvigoration of the whole organism, Antipon, again, is "the right stuff." It revives a natural, healthy appetite, and restimulates the organs of digestion and assimilation. Perfect nutrition is of all things the most necessary to renew physical perfection, soundness of the muscular and nervous systems. This Antipon does in a faultless manner, and one gets better, stronger, brighter, with every ounce of superabundant fat removed.

There is no wrinkling when Antipon removes the superabundant fat about the cheeks, chin, neck, throat, etc., as the skin is toned and "tightened" by the action of Antipon through the enriched and purified blood. After a course of Antipon the beautiful contours are completely restored, and one looks ten years younger.

There is a decrease of from 8 oz. to 3 lb. within the first 24 hours.

Antipon is a pleasing liquid containing only pure and harmless vegetable substances.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, &c.; or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount) privately packed, carriage paid in the United Kingdom, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.

Antipon can be had from stock or on order from all Druggists and Stores in the Colonies and India, and is stocked by wholesale houses throughout the world. United States Agents. Messrs. E. Fougera & Co., 90 Beekman Street, New York City.

DEAD MAN'S GRIP (*continued from page 927*). waiting for? Was somebody going to stop the wedding?

"The dreadful Day of Judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed." Conscience-stinging words for Joan Lester to listen to as she stood beside her lover waiting for the solemn, lovely words which would make her his wife. She looked up, ashen white behind her veil, as the clergyman hesitated uncertainly, and sent that long, searching gaze down the length of the dim aisle.

Somebody was slowly approaching from those dark shadows whence had come that strange croaking sound that might or might not have been a laugh—an old woman, with streaky grizzled hair about her grim, flinty forehead; her black eyes were deep and cold as a winter's sea, her mouth was cruel as a steel trap. She was dressed in rusty black of a long-ago fashion; one gnarled, relentless hand clutched the handle of a long ebony stick, whilst the other held to her flat breast a large envelope.

Her pitiless eyes were fixed upon Joan and Philip, and, heedless of the whispered comments, and never moving her gaze to right or left, she padded noiselessly up the aisle. The only sound in the whole building was the sinister tap-tap of her stick, like some awful figure of Doom.

She slowly approached the two who stood before the altar.

It was Deborah Kirke.

The whole congregation waited curious and expectant. People half rose in their seats and craned their necks to watch her.

Joan and Philip stood, half turned, and waited in silence, wondering.

Nobody had any definite reason to fear that this old, grim woman would harm the pale bride as she stood by her lover, and yet it seemed as if something were going to happen. Every instinct was on the alert—there was danger threatening somebody.

"Who is this? Is she a friend or relation of yours?" asked the clergyman at last in a low voice, looking from Philip to Joan. "Has she anything to say?"

"If you will allow me, I will ascertain." It was Jephson who answered, and he moved a few steps down the aisle to meet the approaching woman.

"Mrs. Kirke," he said as he recognised her, "can I serve you in any way?"

She looked full in his thin, forceful face, and very slowly smiled. It was the first time Jephson had ever seen her features relax in this way, and he realised that the smile of Deborah Kirke was far more terrible, more awful, and full of foreboding than the expression of her face in rage, grim though it was then, and almost inhuman.

"Mrs. Kirke——" he began again.

"I have nothing to say to you. I bring a message for the bridegroom—a belated wedding-gift, perhaps."

Jephson could say no more; he had no right to detain this self-invited guest. She padded on and stood at last face to face with Philip Derwent.

People had now risen in their seats and stood holding their breath as they watched the little group of figures.

"This is going to stop the wedding!" whispered one girl to her neighbour.

"Is she drunk or mad?"

"It's her mother turned up—or his."

"They haven't got mothers, neither o' 'em. Perhaps it's an aunt or a grandmother!"

"Sh! She's talking!"

The whispered comments died away, and Deborah Kirke's voice was heard hard and cold. She was addressing the bride.

"Are you Joan Lester?"

Joan nodded slowly, bewildered by her appearance and sudden interruption.

"I bring you a message." She handed to her the envelope she was carrying. Joan mechanically stretched out her hand and looked at it.

"You observe," said Deborah's deep voice, "that it bears the inscription 'To be opened by you before your marriage.'"

As Joan looked at the writing on the envelope she realised that this was the master-stroke of Robert Kirke's cruelty, the culmination of his insatiable revenge.

She swayed, and put one hand on her forehead. The envelope fell from her fingers, and Philip picked it up.

"Don't open it, Philip!" she murmured in a rapid, feverish whisper. "I beg you not to; no good can come of it, Philip."

"Will you allow me to open the envelope?" suggested Jephson to Philip. "And then trust me to use my judgment about it?"

"It is a message," said Deborah, turning to Derwent, who stood hesitating with the mysterious missive in his hand. "If the young lady doesn't open it you had better do so."

The clergyman had recovered from his surprise.

"This interruption is intolerable," he said sternly to Deborah. "You cannot disturb these sacred proceedings by delivering messages. If you have anything to say, please go into the vestry and await us there. We will join you after the ceremony."

Deborah ignored his remarks and turned to Philip.

"The contents of that envelope must be seen *before* the marriage. Open it at once!"

Joan was clinging to Jephson for support, her face ghastly white and her eyes staring wildly. She did not know what was in the envelope, but she knew instinctively that it was the working of Robert Kirke.

Before he could stop him Philip had torn open the envelope, and, with steady hands, drawn out the contents—a folded official-looking document. He read it, and as he read his face slowly changed from that of a young man troubled neither by ill-health nor a guilty conscience, to that of one who has had a blow so terrible that he cannot realise its meaning. As he stood there Deborah glided up behind him and looked over his shoulder.

He read it once, twice, and then turned to Joan and looked into her eyes as if he would search her to the soul.

With a low, wailing cry she buried her face in her hands. It had come then. She had half suspected at that interview with Rachel when she had so nearly stood face to face with Robert himself that he and Rachel were planning some cruel joke at the very climax of his revengeful hate.

At last Philip turned from Joan to the clergyman.

"I think we had better go into the vestry," he said slowly.

Many of the people in church had left their seats and clustered in a small crowd down the aisle, listening, with wide-open eyes, to the strange conversation.

As the vestry door closed on the wedding-party the chattering and whispering was renewed. In the excitement Deborah Kirke left the church unnoticed.

Inside the vestry Philip was speaking. "This is a marriage certificate, and proves an impediment"—in a voice so calm that it roused vague fears in Jephson's mind as to what effect this blow would have upon the man he had learnt to love. Jephson, during his strange and varied career, had seen men wince painfully and go down before one of Fate's knock-out blows, but the calm voice and eyes and collected, cool manner of Philip Derwent was more awful to witness because it was more unnatural.

What Philip had said now proved what Jephson had suspected—Joan was already married. The trousseau, the photograph in the kimono with the wedding-ring. These had already satisfied Jephson. He looked at Joan. She had sunk on to the only chair in the vestry, limp and half-conscious; Mrs. Cox was busily trying to revive her.

Philip, looking haggard and ten years older, had lost all feeling; he was stunned, numbed by the suddenness and awfulness of the blow. It was not so much the mere loss of Joan—had she died suddenly there would have been beautiful memories—it was much more: that she was not worthy.

He had trusted her so absolutely, when everything looked black against her he had still believed in her unstained purity, and now she had proved herself unworthy of his deep love and trust.

He no longer regarded Brand as a dark and merciless villain who had tried to force Joan to run away with him. Probably Joan had played with him, too, had been the willing plaything of other men.

Robert Kirke's wife—that was what this marriage certificate said. And Robert Kirke was the man whose permission Joan would have asked had she wished to save Philip's life—the life which he risked for her sake sooner than that she should have her young, pure ideals shattered by knowing that her father was a blackmailer.

Her ideals—Joan Lester's ideals! An amusing thought!

His thoughts were interrupted by the clergyman.

"May I see the certificate?" he asked in a calm, practical voice.

Philip gave it to him, and gazed indifferently at the open marriage-register waiting in readiness for the next entry which should have been that of his own wedding. Not once did he look at Joan after that long, deep glance he had spent upon her in the church. He dared not, he could not trust himself; he did not know what he might say or do.

Joan, in her pure white wedding raiment, gazed before her in stony despair, and Jephson, with his back to the little group, stood looking out of the tiny window on to the old graveyard.

For the moment even he, usually so resourceful, felt helpless beside this overwhelming calamity; he felt that for the present nothing he could say or do would help Joan Lester or Philip Derwent.

Silence reigned whilst the clergyman minutely examined every detail of the certificate.

"You were married to Robert Kirke eleven months ago at the registrar's office in the Fulham Road?" he inquired coldly of Joan.

"Yes."

"Is Robert Kirke still alive?"

"Yes."

"Did you realise that you were contemplating bigamy?"

"I—I thought—he——"

Her voice broke pitifully; she tried again to speak. Her white lips moved, but no sound came from them.

"There, there, my pretty!" Mrs. Cox's kindly red hand, in its cheap white kid glove, patted her shoulder soothingly. "Don't you take on, dearie. You shan't answer no more questions if you don't want, and Mr. Derwent ought to know better than to take on so, after making out to be so fond of you and all."

She cast a shrewish look at the indifferent Philip.

Something stirred in Joan's apathetic, misery-numbed heart at the mention of Derwent's name.

"Philip," she exclaimed in a stunned, harsh voice, quite unlike her usual soft voice. "You—don't understand. I meant to tell you——"

Philip wheeled round on his heel and faced her, his face white and drawn, all the boyishness and old lightheartedness gone for ever.

"Are you or are you not Robert Kirke's wife?" he demanded hoarsely. "That's all I want to know."

"Yes; but——"

"Thank you, that's enough! I've nothing more to say except this. I trusted you, and you *lied* to me!"

"Philip——"

"There's no more to be said! Perhaps"—he turned to the clergyman—"perhaps you'll be so good as to send all those people away? And, if you don't mind, I'll leave by the vestry door."

The clergyman nodded assent, and Derwent placed some money on the table and opened the door. Joan flung back her veil and, starting up, faced Philip, white, appealing arms outstretched. It was her last chance, but Philip set his teeth, and, with a grim, dogged expression on his grey face, closed the door behind him. They heard his heavy footsteps die away on the paved path. The clergyman adjusted his glasses and cleared his throat.

"This is a serious matter—a very serious matter. I'm not sure if it isn't my duty to call the police. It is an attempt at committing bigamy; it is——"

Jephson turned quickly from the window and stepped to the clergyman's side.

"You will pardon my interruption," he said suavely in a low voice. "But, as you seem in some doubt what to do, will you allow me to advise you in the matter?" He drew the portly cleric aside and continued in an undertone. "No good can come of any strong action. *I* know how the mistake arose. The young lady is quite innocent. I will answer for that. Kindly take no steps in the matter."

He spoke earnestly, and the clergyman was impressed and nodded several times quickly, as if he quite understood. He was glad to be spared the unpleasantness of a scandal in his church.

Then Jephson turned to Joan. "I will go after Philip. He will be quite all right."

He pressed her limp hand, and as he passed Mrs. Cox he murmured: "I'll send a cab to wait outside this door for you."

THREE STAGES.

ACT I.

Sighing like a furnace,
Over ears in love,
Blind in adoration
Of this lady's glove!
Thinks no girl was ever
Quite so sweet as she,
Tells you she's an angel,
Expects you to agree.

ACT II.

Moping and repining,
Gloomy and morose,
Asks the price of poison,
Thinks he'll take a dose!
Women are so fickle,
Love is all a sham,
Marriage is a failure,
Like a broken dam.

ACT III.

Whistling, blithe, and cheerful,
Always bright and gay,
Dancing, singing, laughing
All the livelong day;
Full of fun and frolic,
Caught in Fashion's whirl,
Thinks no more of poison—
Got another girl!

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Joan Leaves Her Home.

DRESSED in her sombre everyday frock Joan Lester crouched before the fire in her bedroom which the sympathetic Mrs. Cox had lit on their return from the church.

"Nothing cheers a body like a good roaring blaze—

—*For the five best drawings I will give Electric Hand-lamps. Mark postcards "Letters."* *(See page 938.)*

that's my motter," announced the kindly woman. But her cheery words were belied by the anxious glances she shot from time to time at the white-faced girl.

"If only she'd cry or abuse that Derwent!" mused the motherly creature as she piled more coal on. "It's that there orful calm that fair gives me the creeps."

"Now, my dear, if you'd rather be up here than downstairs, I'll go and get you a drop o' hot tea, for there's nothing like tea, except it's a drop o' brandy, if you're feelin' poorly and out o' spirits."

Still no answer, and the good soul thumped her way down to those regions where she reigned supreme.

And Joan, left to herself, began to collect her thoughts, to try to think. Words that she had once read and which had stuck in her mind haunted her now:

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive!"

How true it was! In what a dreadful web was she now caught? How impossible it seemed to free herself!

What was she to do now? Live on here where her father had been murdered, probably by the man who was still her husband—in spite of Rachel's assurance to the contrary—the house where she had been most miserable and yet most radiantly happy?

She thought of the little, inconsequential happenings of happy days that come back with such torturing vividness when those days are gone for ever.

She thought of Philip—his honest, stern face, his grave, grey eyes. Once she fancied she heard a man's voice downstairs and almost screamed aloud at the possibility that it was Philip.

No—this house was haunted. She could not stay here. Where should she go? A sudden fever to go at once seized her, held her. Yes, she would go at once, no matter where; something would occur to her when once she had left this awful house of memories.

She had money enough for present needs, and she would go right away, hide herself in some little-known corner of this great world, so cruel to those who stumble, so difficult to live in; there she would find work.

However humble and poorly paid, she would be grateful for it—and she would forget. Forget? If only she *could* forget, if only she dare forget; blot out this last unhappy year, blot out from her life all memories of Robert Kirke. It seemed that all the misery in her life emanated from her first meeting with him.

But, above everything else, she must forget Philip Derwent, whom she had deceived.

She rose with a new determination—a new strength, physical and mental. Softly she locked the door to keep out the attentive Mrs. Cox. Then she swiftly packed a small handbag with a few of her most serviceable and least conspicuous clothes. At last she was ready to start. Her blue eyes travelled lingeringly round the little room where she had dreamt so many innocent girlish dreams. Never again—never again!

Her father's photograph. He had been very dear to her, very tender to her, however harsh he might have been to others. No, she would take nothing to remind her of the past.

Nothing? Upon the bed lay her wedding finery, mocking her whenever her gaze fell on it. She shook out the soft folds of the dress and carefully folded up the filmy veil, and took up the wreath of real orange-blossom, and looked at it with tragic eyes.

At last, with a sudden, impulsive gesture, she placed it carefully in her bag. Womanlike, in spite of her determination to take with her to her new life nothing that could remind her of the old, she had been unable to resist taking the one thing which would have power above all others to torture her, to keep open that bleeding wound in her heart.

Then, putting on her outdoor things, she picked up her bag, and, after listening and pressing by the clattering of china in the lower regions that Mrs. Cox was now preparing her tea-tray, she stole softly from the house.

The light was beginning to fail now, and she hurried feverishly along the familiar streets. There was no definite plan in her mind as yet, and she decided that she would wait until something should suggest itself to her.

At last she found herself before the scene of to-day's tragedy—the old grey church in whose green garden her murdered father lay asleep.

What had attracted her here? She paused at the old iron gate—it was only half an hour before closing-time. Glancing almost furtively about her, she entered the serene God's acre. She did not look at the church itself; she could not. But something drew her to her father's grave. For the last time she would stand beside it. She would whisper a prayer for him and for herself, and then she would say "Good-bye" for ever.

Motionless she looked down at the grassy mound, and at last, plucking a few blades of grass, she placed them carefully inside the bag-purse which she wore at her waist, and turned away.

And as she turned a white cross, cold and distinct in the waning light, caught her attention. She knew it well; she had noticed it the first time she had come

(Continued on page 930.)

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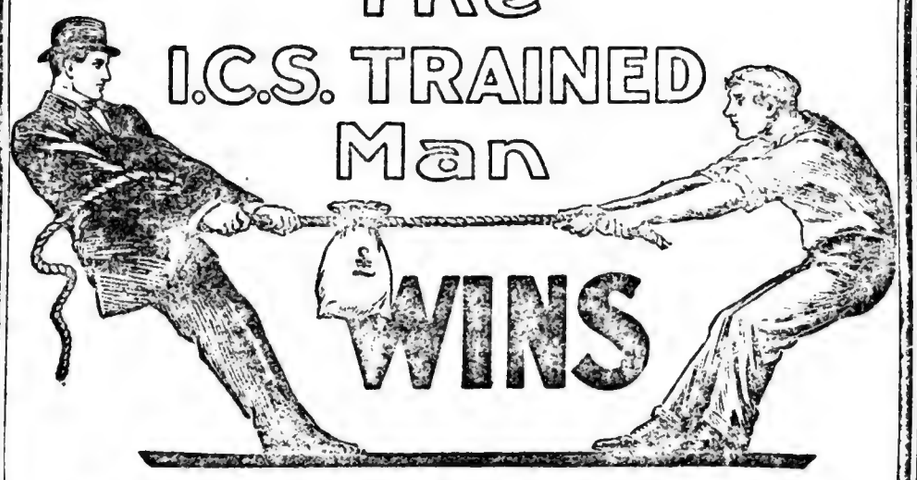

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DEAD MAN'S GRIP *(continued from page 929).* to the churchyard to lay flowers upon her father's grave.

She had noticed it because the cross bore her own name, and suggested some great tragedy which had befallen a girl—a stranger to her, but one who must have suffered, and who had finally been submerged by the deep waters of life. Upon the gleaming white marble cross was carved the simple inscription, in quaint, old characters:

JOANE.
Died of Grief.
Aged 20.
Christmas Day, 1767.

That was all, but in its tragic simplicity was far more poignant and impressive than the longest and most flowery epitaph could have been.

Who was this other Joan, this stranger whose heart had been broken, and who had died because of it? Had she loved as Joan Lester loved? Had she too been caught in a dreadful web of her own weaving? She was only twenty, but she had not cared to live, and so she bowed her young head and died.

"It must have been a love-grief," thought the girl who stood beside her quiet sleeping place. Surely nothing but love was so powerful to sting, and strike, and scorch. Yes, the other Joan had loved and suffered, and at last her tired heart had grown cold, and then they had laid it to rest in this silent garden of dreams and forgetfulness.

Perhaps she, too—Joan Lester—would die soon? Would anybody write above her that she had died because she was so unhappy? Would Philip come and stand beside her grave, and perhaps be a little sorry because she had once been young and happy, and he had thought her fair?

No, it was unlikely that she would die yet; she was strong, very strong, although just at the moment she felt tired and rather faint.

She remembered that Philip had once said to her—how long ago?—something about it being cowardly to want to die before one's appointed time. And so she would try not to long for death and everlasting sleep.

It would soon be dark. She must go; she must find some place where she could spend the night, and to-morrow she would go to the very farthest corner of London she could find.

It would be pleasant to lie down and sleep here—sleep and sleep and sleep. But that would be cowardly. She touched the white cross with a tender, caressing hand. "Good-bye, Joan!" she murmured half aloud. "I'm sorry you were so miserable that you died of grief."

Then a sudden thought came to her. She opened her handbag and drew from it the wreath of orange-blossom which she had worn to-day when she had stood at Philip's side before the altar. The slightly-crushed blossoms gave out a delicious perfume. Joan buried her face in it, and then placed it carefully upon the grave.

"Good-bye!" she whispered again, and then she made her way out of the quiet garden of the dead.

She was cold now, and she tried to walk briskly to warm herself. Then the rumble of an approaching motor-'bus was heard, and she boarded it, and journeyed as far as Charing Cross in its shelter.

At Charing Cross she dismounted, staggering slightly on coming in contact with the cold air after the comparative warmth of the 'bus.

She walked slowly and aimlessly along the Strand, trying to arrange her thoughts and to decide where she should look for a room wherein to spend the night.

She did not know that her ashen face and wild, blue eyes were making her conspicuous; she was unconscious that her swaying, unsteady steps were creating any comment.

She began to realise that she felt faint and giddy, and then, suddenly remembering that she had eaten nothing since eight o'clock that morning—and then she had been too excited to eat more than a few scraps of bread-and-butter—she decided to get a meal at a teashop on the opposite side.

She started to cross the road. Somebody shouted at her, she didn't understand what they said; there was a sort of general hubbub, and she was aware of a great flaming eye rapidly approaching her. She stood still, paralysed with fear, unable to move backwards or forwards, and then, just as the great fiery eye was to her fevered mind about to touch and scorch her, a policeman dashed in among the traffic and swung her out of the way of the motor-'bus which had so nearly knocked her down.

"Not touched, miss, are you?" he jerked out, his supporting arm still about the slim, black-clad figure. "You didn't ought to try and cross a road without lookin' where you're going, you know. Feeling a bit pale, ain't you?"

But there was no answer, for Joan had fainted.

CHAPTER LXXIV.
The Spider and the Fly.

MR. HESKETH BRAND was enjoying a well-chosen little dinner in new rooms. His meals were, as a rule, the most important events of his idle, lolling existence; he was fastidious to a degree, and his landlady already knew to a grain just how much pepper was necessary to flavour his soups and exactly how brown he liked his fried sole.

To-night she had surpassed herself; everything had been as nearly perfect as could be expected, and Mr. Hesketh Brand, as a consequence, was in an excellent mood. And his plans, too, were prospering admirably. The brat Olive was safe in a very safe place.

The police could not worry her with their insistent questions—Brand grinned slily over his savoury—and consequently he and his secrets were secure.

Then Joan—dear Joan—how would she answer his letter? He was expecting to hear from her by every post now—or she might even bring her answer in person. That would suit him very well indeed. There was, of course, just the chance that she might refuse to save Olive—she might consider the price he asked too heavy. And there was, of course, the chance that she might show his letter to that bull's-eye-sucking fool Jephson, or the stodgy, unimaginative Derwent.

He remembered a rumour that Joan and the latter were to be married some time this month. Of course that might affect Joan's decision in the most undesirable way—from Brand's point of view. But Joan, in his opinion, was such a quixotic little idiot that she would probably do as much for the goggle-eyed Olive—so he thought of Rachel Strode's little daughter—as for her stodgy lover Derwent.

If she gave him the answer he almost expected—here he drew a deep breath—he would see that she did not escape him again until he was tired of her.

Before that inevitable end came, however, Hesketh Brand promised himself much enjoyment. He would make Joan Lester pay for having flouted him, for having disappointed him; she should surely pay, and the price would be a very heavy one.

And when finally he had finished with her, and she was utterly bent and broken—Joan Lester's proud spirit humbled to the ground!—then Philip Derwent could have her, if he still wanted her.

He rose from the table and crossed to an easy-chair by the fireplace. He would smoke one cigar, and then he would spend an hour at the Oxford Music Hall—there was always plenty doing there, he reflected with a leer of satisfaction; lots of fun to be had at the Oxford.

He rang for the table to be cleared, and, lighting a cigar, gave himself up to surmising as to what form Joan's answer would take.

Suddenly the telephone-bell began to ring in the hall with irritating persistency.

A maid appeared at the door of the dining-room.

"If you please, sir, you're wanted at the telephone."

Brand rose with alacrity. Perhaps Joan was ringing him up. He remembered that his notepaper was stamped with the telephone number of the house.

He lifted the receiver to his ear and began to speak.

"Yes? Are you there? Yes, I'm Brand. What? A lady ill in the street, with fair hair, dressed in black? Yes, I think I know her. A letter signed 'Brand' in her purse. Yes, yes; she's a friend of mine. I'll come at once. Yes, I understand. All right; I'll come at once. Thanks very much!"

The dark heart of Hesketh Brand was very light within his gross body as he donned his heavy fur-lined overcoat and hurried out into the cold street.

For he had learnt that Joan Lester had been taken ill in the street, had been assisted to the police-station, and had gone from one fainting fit into another. In her bag-purse the police had found Brand's carefully-worded letter offering to send Olive to Joan, if Joan would pay Brand's price.

And so they had rung up Mr. Brand at once as an apparent friend of the forlorn girl, and Mr. Brand was about to drive to the station to claim his victim.

Poor Joan Lester—poor little helpless fly! You can hardly hope now to escape from the clutches of the spider.

(Another splendid instalment next week.)

PATIENT: "But, doctor, you are not asking £1 for merely taking a cinder out of my eye?"

Specialist: "Er—no. My charge is for removing a foreign substance from the cornea."

SILK BLOUSES FOR NOTHING.

IT is very nice to have the warm weather upon us, with longer days and brighter weather; but have you noticed how the spring sunshine shows up all the shabbiness of your last season's costumes and blouses? A smart new blouse would brighten up your whole appearance, but, alas! such pretty garments don't grow on every bush and money has a way of being scarce at this time of year.

You may get out of your difficulty if you buy a copy of HOME NOTES. Two thousand white Jap-silk blouses, prettily trimmed and finished, are waiting to be sent *absolutely free*, to readers of this weekly. Why shouldn't *you* get one? Buy a copy of HOME NOTES at once; you'll find all particulars inside.

Our Knowledge Tests

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SIX PHRASES?

1. **Welsh Rabbit.**
2. **Mock Sun.**
3. **Petty Officer.**
4. **Real and Personal Estate.**
5. **Bowdlerise.**
6. **Law of Primogeniture.**

They are everyday expressions, and I want you to explain them. I will give six half-guineas for the explanations considered the clearest and best.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post it to arrive not later than Tuesday, March 11th. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 117.

(1) LOMBARD STREET TO A CHINA ORANGE.

For the following definition of this phrase, the sender, J. Auvache, 22 Roland Road, Walthamstow, N.E., has been awarded the prize of half-a-guinea:

This phrase signifies very "long odds." Lombard Street being almost entirely occupied by great banking establishments, and a "china orange" being an article of trifling worth, it is like saying "unto wealth to a penny." In ordinary parlance it means almost absolute certainty.

(2) TOMMY ATKINS.

The prize in this contest was awarded to E. P[illegible] (Pte.), 2nd Bn. Royal Sussex Regiment, Woking, for the explanation which follows:

This is the nickname usually applied to soldiers in H.M. Regular Forces. At one time the Army Council issued specimen forms, as, for instance, a recruit's attestation paper, showing the correct way of filling them in, and where the heading "Name" appeared the example "Thomas Atkins" was used.

(3) CUTTING IT FINE.

Miss M. Saunders, County House, Tredegar, Mon., has been awarded the prize of 10s. 6d. for the best explanation of this phrase:

This expression, meaning to make the smallest possible allowance for accident or failure, is derived from the scrupulous care with which expensive cloth had to be cut in order to avoid waste, and to make the best use of the material.

(4) DOG-LATIN.

The explanation considered the best was received from Miss F. Howe, 5 Ferndale, Lambert Street, Hull, and was thus expressed:

A jargon imitating Latin, like the "dog-Latin" of schoolboys. A familiar instance is "omnibus-gatherum," for a gathering of all friends and acquaintances. It is easily constructed by adding Latin endings to English words, as in "cookare" (to cook), "boilandum" (boiling), and such like "mongrel" words.

(5) SANDBAGGING.

W. Holms, 142 Queen Street, Glasgow, supplied the winning explanation in the following terms:

Is an American expression, describing the method of assault of certain street-robbers, who stun their victims with blows from a long narrow bag filled with sand. The advantage of the weapon from a criminal's point of view is, that serious injury can thus be inflicted noiselessly, leaving little mark.

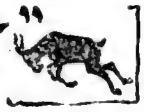
(6) THE FOURTH PARTY (Parliamentary).

This term was best explained by F. J. Nash, Hazeldene, Upton, Bexley Heath, who wrote as follows:

A party in Parliament (1880–1885) led by Lord Randolph Churchill, which, though Conservative in sympathy, gained notoriety by its independent attitude and impartial criticisms of the Liberal Government and leaders of both parties. Other active members of the "Fourth-Party" were Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, Mr. Gorst, and Mr. Balfour.

Turn to page 938 and read the paragraph entitled "A Bird Story." ☞

"We Want a Goat to Act"



Mr. P. Doubleyou Visits the Only Stable in the World Where Every Kind of Four-Legged Actor is Kept.

UP a short passage, almost opposite the gallery entrance to Drury Lane Theatre, is one of the most remarkable stables in the world; a stable in which are trained and kept practically all the animal and bird actors constantly—and increasingly—in demand for the London and provincial theatre stages.

Hales' Stables is the name of this unique and very interesting place. I am told it is the only business of its kind in the kingdom, and, no matter what beasts or birds may be required for a play, Hales' can—and does—supply them.

Horses, dogs, sheep, cattle, goats, pigs, a "mute" (a kind of donkey), a pack of foxhounds—all these can be engaged for theatrical purposes, while elephants, camels, bulls, pigeons, a Shetland pony, snakes, and a flock of geese have all been housed and shown how to tread the boards with success at various times.

It is impossible to give a full list of "players" and plays that Hales' has been concerned in, but the following instances will doubtless recall pleasant memories to many playgoers.

"Prodigal Son" - - -	Flock of 63 Sheep
"Electra" - - - -	Herd of Goats
"Zuyder Zee" (Hippodrome)	3 Diving Bulls
"Joseph and His Brethren"	Camels
"The Whip" - - -	Horses (Racing)
"Veronique" - - -	'Jinny' the Donkey
"Königskinder" - - -	Flock of Geese
"Havana" - - -	A pure white Mule
"Tally-Ho" (Hippodrome) -	Pack of Foxhounds
"Mexico" (Palladium) -	High diving Horse
"Day's Sport" (Palladium)	White Shetland pony (only one in the world on the stage).

Geese and Cats Are Stupid.

Kindness, infinite patience, and an affection for your pupils are the great secrets in making animals actors. Mr. Hales has been the chief dramatic teacher here for seventeen years, and practically every non-human performer on the regular stage—not the music-hall one, of course—has during that period come under his tuition. Horses and dogs are, he has found, the quickest and aptest in picking up what is wanted of them, donkeys and geese the slowest and stupidest.

Cats, he considers, are almost hopeless to teach for stagework. He has tried hard with them on occasions, but never with much success, and he laughingly told me that "only a woman can do anything with a cat." It is possible to tell after a very few rehearsals whether an animal will be any good for the stage.

In training a flock or a herd the great thing is to pick out a leader, concentrate your teaching energies on him or her, and get the others to follow the leader's example. There is always a feed for the performers to look forward to when they get off, and, sometimes, an extra rehearsal for those who have done badly. This extra rehearsal is the only form of punishment ever resorted to.

Diving horses and bulls—they have one horse, an Arab stallion, here, who can do his twenty feet dive into a tank of water—are taught to take the plunge by the exercise of an elastic sort of process. At first the jump from platform to tank is one of a few inches only. Gradually, day by day, the platform and the tank drift farther and farther apart, however, and the animal confidently continues to make the jump, probably only dimly aware that the drop down is any greater than it was yesterday and the day before yesterday.

Horses which have to take part in a stage race are also fooled. They are taught to gallop on a contrivance known as the rollers. This is really a kind of treadmill, eight feet long and two and a quarter feet wide, which works by the movements of its user. It is an irritating affair, for the faster you move on it the faster it rolls away under your feet.

Billy, the Goat, is Famous.

Some of the individual animal actors at Hales' are quite famous in their way, and, when they are working, they earn salaries that must make the mouths of many of the men and women in the ball with them water. Terry, for example, who recently died in his thirtieth year, was quite a star stage horse, and he earned hundreds of pounds in his time.

Billy, the goat, is another star. Billy has led his flock in *Joan of Arc, Electra, As You Like It,* and *Orpheus on the Underground.* He is five years old, and when he is at the stables no watch-dog is necessary there, for Billy always bleats loudly until he is satisfied of the *bona fides* of any chance visitor.

And at Woodlands Farm, Hendon, where the animal actors "rest," is one of the most—if not actually the most—valuable pony of its kind in the world. Prince is his name, and he is a white Shetland pony. Prince, who has pink eyes and white feet, as well as a white body, stands only about twenty-nine inches high, and he is only three years old, but he is a wonderful little fellow. Being unmatched, he is, according to Mr. Hales, "priceless."

Monday morning is the busiest time in the week at the stage's stables, for then companies which on the road do without animal actors, often come to suburban theatres and want a horse, or a cow, or some sheep or goats at once for London.

THE ELASTIC FISH.

"SPEAKING of that fish you caught——"

"What about it?"

"I notice you modify its size to your various listeners."

"Well, I never tell a man more than I think he'll believe."

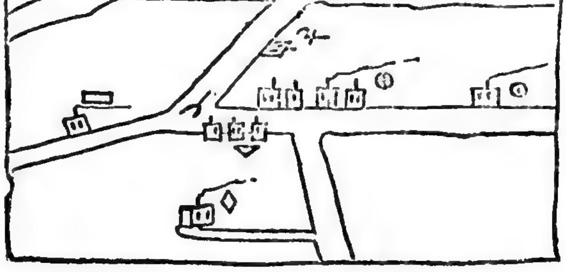
—It's pretty tall, but perhaps some reader has heard a taller one. If so, send it in. Not more than 50 words. ☞

A TRAMP'S MAP.

THERE is a certain sort of freemasonry which exists between tramps of all types, and in many of the doss houses will be found rough maps which show the various roads and houses, and which will give some sort of an idea of what sort of reception may be expected at each of the latter.

Our sketch shows the map generally used by tramps, but the marks shown there are also often seen chalked up on walls or houses, so that any wandering "moucher" will know what sort of a reception he will receive.

The code of symbols, as will be seen, is very complete, and if you live on a high road frequented by tramps and are troubled by these gentry, just chalk ▭ or ◎ on your wall, for the first means "Beware of the dog. May send for the police," and the second "Dangerous. Will send for the police." It is very unlikely that you will be troubled if you do this.



What the Signs Mean.

Beware of dog. May send for police.
Too poor. No use asking.
If you sell what they want they will buy.
Dangerous. Will send for police.
No good. Spoilt by too many tramps.
Will give. But don't say too much.
Religious but generous.
Go this way, the other road is bad.
Crossed sticks at junction of roads show road which friends have taken. Longest stick shows the direction.

ACID STOMACHS ARE DANGEROUS.

COMMON SENSE ADVICE BY A DISTINGUISHED SPECIALIST.

"Acid" stomachs are dangerous because acid irritates and inflames the delicate lining of the stomach, thus hindering and preventing the proper action of the stomach, and leading to nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble from which people suffer. Medicines and medicinal treatments are useless in such cases, for they leave the source of the trouble, the *acid in the stomach,* as dangerous as ever. The acid must be neutralised, and its formation prevented, and the best thing for this purpose is half a teaspoonful of bisurated magnesia, a simple antacid, taken in a little warm or cold water after eating, which not only neutralises the acid, but also prevents the fermentation from which acidity is developed. Foods which ordinarily cause greatest distress can be eaten with impunity if the meal is followed with a little bisurated magnesia, which can be obtained of any chemist, and should always be kept handy.

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Luxurious Easy Chairs „	£1 17 6	Fine and Lofty China Cabinets „	£3 0 0
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Feel your pulse. Is it regular? Do you ever have PALPITATION, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, SKIPPING A BEAT, COLD HANDS OR FEET, PAINS UNDER THE LEFT SHOULDER BLADE, TROUBLE IN LYING ON LEFT SIDE, DIZZY SPELLS, DROWSINESS AFTER EATING, VIOLENT STARTS IN YOUR SLEEP, FULNESS IN THE THROAT, NEURALGIA AROUND THE HEART?

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Oxien has proved an almost infallible cure of Functional Heart Disease and its many complications. Let us send you a FREE PACKET, that you may, WITHOUT COST, try its effects upon your trouble.

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FREE BOX OXIEN.

Chivers' Fruits

They look and taste like freshly stewed fruit.

THE WORLD'S BEST STORIES.

'Upper Ten' Tales

Of Course Not.

MRS. ROBY, the distinguished lady traveller and explorer, is telling some interesting stories of her recent experiences in central Africa.

In one of the native villages Mrs. Roby passed through, a leopard which had killed several children was captured and appropriated by the chief, who kept it in his bed for several days. Mrs. Roby visited the chief and was shown the dead body of the leopard.

"Why do you keep it?" she asked.

"Because it is a king leopard," was the reply.

"What will you do with it?" was Mrs. Roby's next question.

To which the chief replied tersely: "Eat it."

"But it smells most horribly," Mrs. Roby objected.

"I shall not eat the smell," the chief assured her.

A Horrible Alternative.

THERE have been some complaints recently about inaccurate reports of political speeches.

One recalls the incident of the youthful Under-Secretary of State who came to his chief one day boiling with rage at inaccuracies he said had been made in a report of one of his speeches.

"I intend to take action against the paper!" he declared hotly.

"For Heaven's sake don't do that!" exclaimed the older man. "*They may take to reporting you accurately!*"

Better Than Six and Eight.

THE success of the negro minstrel entertainment at the Palladium has recalled the story of George Clarke, a celebrated negro minstrel, who was on one occasion being examined as a witness in a police-court case. The opposing counsel, a rather blustering man, cross-examined him severely.

"You are in the minstrel business, I believe?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Is not that rather a low calling?" was the next question.

"I don't know that it is, sir," was Clarke's reply. "I am proud of it if only for the reason that it is much better than my father's."

"What was your father?" counsel inquired.

"A lawyer!" was the prompt reply.

Pelissier and the Canaries.

IN "Potted Pelissier" Mr. H. G. Pelissier, the jovial chief of The Follies, relates that his voice has got him into a lot of trouble.

"I remember on one occasion," he says, "being left alone in the house with a brace of canaries belonging to my sister, of which she was very fond. 'Now,' thought I, 'I can at last be certain of a really appreciative audience! I will sing to them!' So I sang to them!

"My sister never forgave me the loss of her canaries. It was the only authentic case I ever met with of 'Killing two birds with one's tone!'"

One Among So Many.

WHILE W. Spiller, the Cardiff Rugby captain, was still at school the dictation lesson one day was taken from an account of the Indian Mutiny.

The teacher read aloud: "One hundred and forty-six British soldiers were thrown into a small room with one window. The next morning only twenty-three were alive."

What Spiller wrote was: "One hundred and forty-six British soldiers were thrown into a small room with one *widow!*"

Even That Was an Effort.

THERE has been some criticism lately about the running of a small provincial railway whose trains are deplorably slow and uncertain.

One day a "commercial," arriving at a wayside station, remarked to the station-master on the platform:

"I notice that your service has improved lately.

"Can't see it," replied the station-master suspiciously.

"Oh, I can!" the traveller assured him. "For instance, your engines are able to whistle without stopping now!"

A Good Judge.

A VERY well-known dramatist, whose plays have been rather severely criticised lately, met one of his critics the other day. Feeling rather sore about the critic's remarks on his play, he observed caustically that, though the critic was very fond of finding fault, he could not write a play himself to save his life.

"That is so," replied the critic. "Neither can I lay an egg; but I'm a better judge of an omelette than any hen in England."

The Difference Between Them.

THE much-discussed engagement of Mr. James de Rothschild recalls the story told in connection with one of the younger members of the Rothschild family. He was a very extravagant youth, and one of the pleasant little ways he had of getting rid of his father's money was to pay his cabmen about five times the correct fare. This was well known to all the cabbies, and one day, when the old father took one of the cabs his son frequently used, the driver looked forward to receiving an excellent tip.

When paying-time came, however, he was almost speechless with astonishment when old Rothschild handed him the precise fare for the journey and not a penny more. He pulled a long face, and stood looking ruefully at the money in his hand.

"Isn't that the correct fare?" Rothschild asked him.

"Oh, yes, the fare is correct," the man grumbled; "but your son would have given me three or four times as much."

"That may be," was the reply. "But, you see, my son has a wealthy father, and I have not!"

An Excellent Reason.

MR. BRYAN, the well-known American orator, who has himself been candidate for the Presidency more than once, is to be Secretary of State in President Wilson's Administration, a position rather similar to that occupied by Sir Edward Grey in this country.

Mr. Bryan is famous as a teller of good stories. One of them relates to a Governor of Tennessee, who issued a great many pardons to men and women confined in the gaols of that State. His reputation as a "pardoning governor" resulted in his being besieged by everybody who had a relative imprisoned.

One morning an old negro woman made her way into the executive offices and asked the Governor to pardon her husband who, it appeared, was in gaol.

"What is he in for?" asked the Governor.

"Fo' nuthin' but stealin' a ham," explained the wife.

"But I don't think I should pardon him," argued the Governor. "If he got out he would only make trouble for you again. I think you're better without him."

"'Deed, but I does want him out ob dat place!" she exclaimed. "I needs dat man bad!"

"Why do you need him?" asked the Governor patiently.

"Me an' de chillun," she explained quite seriously, "wants another ham!"

The List Getting Longer.

ANOTHER of Mr. Bryan's stories is topical enough just now in view of the change in the Presidency.

The teacher in an American school was trying, apparently in vain, to teach a small scholar the names of the United States Presidents in rotation.

After repeated failures she exclaimed irritably:

"Why, Johnny, when I was your age I could say the Presidents' names forwards and backwards, and begin in the middle and go either way!"

The teacher, a somewhat elderly lady, was considerably taken aback by the prompt reply:

"Yes, but when you were at school there wasn't *near* so many Presidents!"

Required His Own Medicine.

A GENTLEMAN, who made a speciality of memory-culture, gave a lecture on "Aids to Memory" in a small Scottish town. The lecture was very successful, and the audience were greatly impressed with the remembering powers of the lecturer.

After they had all gone home, and the lecturer had driven off, the hall-keeper discovered that somebody had left an umbrella in the hall. He looked at the name on it. It was the lecturer's!

C. B. FRY ON KEEPING "FIT."

The ordinary man who does not need to "train" for special athletic events will find much valuable information on maintaining good general health in Mr. Fry's handbook, "Diet and Exercise for Training." To those who seek distinction in athletic fields the book is indispensable. In this small but very useful handbook the famous Oxford Blue sums up the result of his years of experience of training. As might be expected, he deprecates extremes in any direction, and what he says is as valuable to the ordinary man as to the would-be champion. The close relation between "training" and general good condition is clearly shown, and Mr. Fry's hints on keeping "fit" show how easily the average man can maintain himself in perfect health.

The book—neatly bound in stiff boards—is small enough for the pocket. It gives tables of exercise and of diet, and is crammed with information vital to those who know how to appreciate the blessing of health.

The book will be sent post free on receipt of 3d. in stamps. Address: C. B. Fry's Book, Dept. P.W., 66A Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

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IMMORTALITY ON EARTH.

:: Have you read ::
Martin Potter's New Novel

LIFE THE JADE

The Daily Telegraph says:—Mr. Potter must be congratulated upon a capital story which works out an elusive idea with unfailing ingenuity. The reader never knows what will happen next, and many of the by-paths of the story are extremely neat and picturesque. Altogether, this is a clever, entertaining, uncommon kind of tale."

"Those who once start to read the book will not put it down till they have finished it."—*Referee.*

—For the five tallest stories I will give Watches. Mark postcards "Tall." *(See page 938.)*

I'm a Country 'Slop'

People Who Think I Have a Slack Time Are Very Much Mistaken.

MANY people wonder how we policemen of the rural districts find sufficient work to fill our time. They imagine that ours is an easy life with little to do save to slip in the back door of a public-house and while away the time chatting and drinking with the landlord. And they tell us that, compared with the duties of the town police, our work is light and congenial.

Don't believe it for a minute.

Take my case. I am stationed in the heart of the country, my "beat" has a boundary extending for nearly twenty miles, and comprises in its area seven small villages; and I am its only official guardian. My work? Murders, burglaries, pickpockets, strike-mobs, raiding coiners and gambling-dens? not a bit of it.

What are my duties? Their name is legion.

I must be present and issue certificates to farmers at all sheep-washing operations, and see that no sheep are sent to the public markets unless certified as washed. If swine-fever is prevalent in the district I must see that all pig-keepers observe the needful regulations, I must issue licenses granting permission for pigs to be moved, and must regularly inspect all pigs in quarantine.

Once a year I take a census of all horses in my district and classify them to the War Office requirements.

Squire's Shoots Keep Me Busy.

Cattle, too, must not escape my notice. I must be ready to report cases where cattle are suffering from notifiable diseases.

Of late, additional duties respecting revenue licences have been given us.

The village squire is entertaining a shooting-party; I must see that every gunner has his necessary license. I meet Farmer Giles driving to the local market, his conveyance bears no name; I ask to see his vehicular license; he hasn't one, the matter must be reported.

I discover that the tenant of a shooting-box has more dogs and gamekeepers than he has taken licenses for, this I have to report.

The travelling pedlar hawking his wares from house to house must produce his license or he gets a "ticket."

A main road runs through my "beat," its motor traffic is increasing, I have to watch for breaches of the traffic by-laws.

A good part of my work is done after nightfall. At any fixed time during the night I may have to meet, at the extreme boundary of my "beat," my divisional inspector; he arrives in the police-station gig, I have to walk.

On certain nights it is my duty to meet my fellow-constables of adjoining "beats"; the "point" may be several miles from home; no matter how inclement the weather, the journey has to be made; the inspector may turn up, and defaulting a "point" would mean a black mark on my record.

I Look for Tramps at Night.

On my nightly rounds, barns, outbuildings, farm and stackyards need to be searched, and any tramp found sleeping there taken in charge.

Every night I must visit the squire's mansion to see that all is safe; I rather like this duty, a good Christmas-box is assured and usually refreshments are to be had.

The poaching fraternity add to my work, especially during the winter months. It is no joke on a cold winter's night to patrol the outskirts of a wood watching for poachers, and it is a struggle between duty and discretion whether you tackle them single-handed or let them make off with their bag.

Still, my lot is not all hard work. With my comfortable cottage is a rood of garden with fowl-house and pigsty. Once a fortnight I have a day's holiday, and if a policeman can handle a bat or kick a football, he is sure of a hearty welcome at the village clubs.

To the townsman my life may seem dull and uninteresting—that is a matter of opinion. I love my work, and even if promotion does not fall to my lot, at the end of my term of service, while yet in the prime of life, I can retire on a pension.

Being Hard Up costs you More

The Man Without Money Leads the Most Extravagant Life of All, Says Our Embarrassed Contributor

NEVER be hard up—it's much too expensive!

Once I lived in a house whose rental was £45 a year. Now I live in a flat for which the rent is only nine shillings a week. At first sight that appears a great saving, but it is not so.

Often, at different times, I was hard up temporarily in the bigger house, but I could always obtain a little legitimate credit for household goods till things turned round.

In my nine shilling flat there is no credit obtainable, naturally enough. Once you are a shilling or so behind with the tradesmen, you can obtain nothing except for actual cash. They are not to be blamed, of course, but it gives the man who is "temporarily embarrassed" very little chance.

Though, sometimes, for needs must when the devil drives, he manages to obtain a little credit all the same, it is a matter of much thought and much cunning. When he has a few shillings he takes care, when spending them, say, with the butcher, to ingratiate himself with that worthy tradesman. He asks him cheerily how business is, congratulates him on the bright look of his establishment, and so forth.

Your Butcher Makes You Pay.

In this way he impresses himself upon the other's memory—favourably, he hopes. Then, when the evil time comes (the unlucky "hard-upper" has seen it coming from the very commencement of his little campaign for credit), he walks airily into the shop and orders a good-sized joint. Having chosen it and approved of the look of it, he intimates he will pay when he "gets his money," in a day or so. And walks out of the shop (as I have done) with a great feeling of relief that, at any rate, there is food for the home and the kiddies well over the week-end.

But—here is the point—that joint will come along without weight or price ticket. There is no means of checking the bill when it comes, and the hard-upper will eventually pay as much as twenty per cent. above the usual price.

Another expense easy to understand—that is, if you have ever been "on the rocks." There are little amounts due to you from different people.

In desperation you set out to get hold of them. You find it no easy matter, and it will perhaps take you a couple of days to obtain a single one. Two days' work are thereby lost, not to mention the strain and anxiety involved in finding the reluctant debtor and persuading him to "part."

I can give a typical instance of what being hard up costs the victim of circumstances. One night I arrived home without a penny in my pocket, and found awaiting me an important letter fixing an appointment that very night.

Thought I Was a Crook.

How to get the tram and tube fares I knew not. The pawnshops were closed; having moved to this cheap neighbourhood I had no friends in the vicinity.

Suddenly I remembered a small gold stud in my possession. It was worth seven or eight shillings. There was near me a small general shop (it sold everything from thimbles to cheese) where I was known slightly. In desperation I took the stud there, it being the only place I could think of.

The old man behind the counter was very suspicious when I explained how I was fixed and asked him two shillings for the stud. Eventually, after saying "I don't do that sort of thing" in a voice which clearly showed that he took me for a "crook," he consented to purchase it—at his own figure—nine pence!

Do you know what it costs to have the bailiffs in? Lucky if you don't! So far, though I have had them in more than once, I have always managed to get them out again, but it all means money for nothing. On the last occasion I owed £3 12s.

Day after day went by and I could not raise the money. I secured an extension for fifteen days, and an hour before midnight one day managed to raise the money. But instead of the £3 12s., which was the amount of the debt, it cost me £7 2s. 6d.—3s. distraint fee, and 4s. 6d. for every day my unwelcome visitors were in the house.

BAD LEGS CURED

WITHOUT REST OR PAIN.

Under a Legal Guarantee to Cure.

An infirmary which undertakes to cure bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, and under a legal guarantee, when other doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable, even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty in these days of medical marvels.

This new method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs, and by it you are cured without a particle of pain, without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse, and you are cured to stay cured for all time. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and, combined with varicose vein, disappear. Eczema vanishes. Swollen and painful legs become painless. Diseased bone comes away. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past.

Why is this? Because Tremol treatment is unlike all other treatments, for it attacks and removes the cause, and if your case is taken in hand—nor if it is incurable—it will not be accepted—it will be separately and specially prescribed for and attended to until your cure is complete, and while you are applying the treatment in your own home. This no other treatment even pretends to do, for in the other so-called treatments the same thing is supplied to everyone alike, and there it ends.

A large illustrated book, giving full particulars of the powerful remedy, is sent free of all charge, and a legal guarantee to cure is sent with each book. This publication teems with sound advice, and contains much valuable information; and if you are a sufferer it is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery, even if doctors, hospitals and specialists have failed to help you. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

Thousands praise the day they read the book. In it you will find what you have never had before—the opportunity of having your leg permanently made well, for by this new method, you can cure yourself in your own home without pain, rest, operation, relapse, or failure. This is not a chance to be missed, and we advise readers of *Pearson's Weekly* to write at once to the Medical Infirmary for Bad Legs (Ward P.E.), Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, describing their case, and the book will then be sent gratis and post free.

Now, ladies! Can you tell me "What did the kettle spout?" Don't tell me—

The New Adventures of Lieut: Daring

TRICKED BY TELEPHONE.

GEORGE MORSE, head of the great Government chemical laboratory at Westport, blew a cloud of pipe-smoke out and regarded the ceiling thoughtfully.

"Look here, Daring," he said, breaking a somewhat lengthy silence, "I want to talk to you in strict confidence. Not a syllable of what I tell you must get out at any cost at present."

"Right you are," nodded the young naval officer; "go ahead! I knew you'd got something worrying you. What's the trouble?"

"X," said the other.

"X?" repeated Daring, puzzled. "What in the name of Heaven d'you mean by X?"

"The unknown; something that has taken me three years experimenting to produce, and which has not been named yet, something that is going to revolutionise warfare, or I'm a Dutchman!"

Daring smiled.

"Oh, you chemists! But go on, what is X? A gun, a new force, an air Dreadnought, or what?"

"No; a chemical compound; a thing that is going to make gunpowder, dynamite, nitro-glycerine, and the rest of them as obsolete as—well, as wooden ships."

"You've kept it pretty dark," observed Daring. "This is the first I've heard of it. What's happened?"

"Oh, the secret's leaked out somehow. I thought that only four people in the world—myself and my assistant, John Tankerville, the Minister of War, and the First Lord of the Admiralty—knew of it, but I was wrong; the confounded Germans have got on the scent."

Daring whistled.

"How on earth——"

Morse got up and looked him straight in the face.

"Tankerville; I can't help seeing that he and he alone has let it out. No one else could, or would, have. German agents here have got hold of him. I know from a few personal observations, and I also know that, by an unlucky mischance, he had an opportunity of seeing my formula of the stuff—sufficiently long to memorise it, at any rate—last night."

"Well, you can't do anything to him for knowing a formula, and you can't make him forget it," said Daring, "nor can you do much good by proving, if you can prove it, that he hobnobs with German agents. It seems to me that the thing to do is to give him just enough rope to hang himself with, and then catch him redhanded."

Morse nodded.

"Perhaps. Stroll over to the lab. with me now. Tankerville's probably just gone out to dinner."

The laboratory was empty when they reached it, and the first thing Morse did was to go to one of the corner shelves and look at some little slabs of gelatinous matter.

"Here you are, Daring, this is X," he said. "Hullo! Why—yes, there's one slab missing!"

He re-counted the slabs quickly and then looked at Daring.

"Come on," said the latter, "after Mr. John Tankerville."

They hurried out of the laboratory. At the door they were met by one of the dockyard gatekeepers, a semi-apologetic look on his face.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, addressing Morse, "but could I speak to you—about Mr. Tankerville, sir?" He eyed Daring doubtfully.

"Go on; it's all right," said the chemist, understanding the man's pause.

"Well, sir, as you know, we've got particular orders to stop and search everyone going out of the yard at present. Ten minutes ago Mr. Tankerville came up to me, slipped a sovereign into my hand, and said 'Don't stop me this evening—you understand?' On thinking it over, I don't like the look of things, and so I thought it my duty to come and——"

"Did you search Mr. Tankerville when he went out ten minutes ago?" interrupted Daring.

The man looked at him with a mixture of astonishment, patronage, and contempt.

"No, sir, not after what he said about this evening."

"Then you were a fool!" snapped Daring shortly. "Where were your wits, man? You've been spoofed. The sovereign he gave you and all he said about not stopping him this evening were merely employed to get past you without being searched just now. That'll do; you can go!"

* * * *

"Now, Morse, tell me everything you know about the Germans Tankerville has been hobnobbing with lately; we've got to get that slab of stuff and the formula back at once."

Talking quickly, Morse led the way through the busy streets of Westport to a quiet little hotel. As he told Daring, he had made it his business to find out all he could about the Germans whom he suspected of being political agents. So far as Morse knew there were two of them—one a middle-aged man, named Hermann, the other an attractive young woman named Greta Hoffmann, of whom John Tankerville was seemingly considerably enamoured.

Where the man was staying Morse did not know, but the young woman had apartments at the hotel to which the chemist and Lieutenant Daring hurried. Morse guessed that it would be to the girl that Tankerville would go to with the precious sample of "X" and the more precious formula. The sample had to be recovered at all costs.

"The first thing to do is to find out if the girl and Tankerville are in the hotel, or if they have been there since one o'clock," said Daring just before they entered. "If not, we must look elsewhere for them."

In reply to their questions the hallporter informed them that Miss Hoffmann was in, but that a gentleman who had called to see her had left five or six minutes ago. From the porter's description of the caller—a young man, clean-shaven, dark-haired, and dressed in grey tweeds—it was evident that the visitor had been Tankerville, and that they were on the right track.

As they were speaking to the man a girl—a fair-haired, remarkably pretty girl—came downstairs, paused for a moment, and then, catching sight of Morse, turned and hurried up again.

Morse called to her the instant he saw her, but she did not answer. For a second the man hesitated, uncertain what course to follow, and looked at Daring for guidance.

"Board her in her den," whispered the sailor. "Porter, what is the number of Miss Hoffmann's room?" He slipped a coin into the man's hand.

"Number ten, sir," he said, strictly against all the regulations and customs of the hotel. The fact that Daring was in naval uniform evidently calmed any suspicions he may have entertained.

"Very good!" said Daring coolly. "My friend and myself wish to see Miss Hoffmann at once. We will go up to her room."

And before anything could be said he led the way confidently upstairs.

Morse knocked at the door of room No. 10. There was no reply, and he rapped a second time without getting any answer. Then he tried the door; it was locked.

"Miss Hoffmann," he called softly, his lips to the keyhole, "open the door at once, please. I am the chief of the Government laboratory. I must speak with you or else take immediate steps involving both yourself and Mr. Tankerville. You had better see me."

Still the girl in the room vouchsafed no word, and then Daring's quick ear suddenly detected the sound of metal being impatiently tapped against metal.

"She's trying to get the Exchange; she's going to telephone!" he exclaimed.

"Telephone?" said Morse puzzled. "Why should she want to——"

"To give the formula to someone—the man you spoke of, of course, before we get at her and take it away," said Daring. "If she gets through and tells him, we're done; we don't know where he is, and he'll be able to get away scot free with all that matters."

"Good lord!" ejaculated Morse. "I didn't think of that. What can we do? Think, for Heaven's sake; millions of pounds are at stake, man!"

The noise of the telephone receiver hook being impatiently jogged up and down still went on. The Westport Exchange was not in a very attentive condition apparently. Daring nodded.

"I know." He stooped down and peered through the keyhole. "She's armed and telephoning," he muttered.

He stood back a little, and then, suddenly lurching forward, threw all the force and weight of his body behind his right shoulder against the door. It creaked and trembled.

"Open the door at once, please!" he added, seizing the handle and giving another push to the door. As he did so a strong voice said in broken English:

"You don't come inside, or I keel you all. I point my revolver at you, and I shoot straight."

"We may stop her telephoning the formula, but we'll all get shot if we try to," he said, standing back from the door and facing the anxious-looking Morse.

* * * *

For perhaps twenty seconds the two men stood still in the corridor outside room No. 10, straining their ears to catch any sound from the room, thinking desperately of any possible means of getting inside without throwing away their lives.

Suddenly an idea flashed into Daring's quick, active brain. He whispered a few words to Morse and then dashed along the corridor and downstairs.

Going to the hotel's private telephone exchange Daring asked the boy in charge to put him through to room ten at once.

"Will you wait a minute, sir?" said the lad. "The lady there is making a call herself."

"No, I won't wait a minute!" snapped Daring. "My business is more important; I must speak to her at once. Take out that plug and put me through."

Once again the commanding note in Daring's voice and the moral effect of his uniform won him the way; the boy took out the plug, disconnecting Miss Hoffmann for a moment, and switched Daring on to Daring.

"Hullo!" The sailor heard her impatiently calling. "Hullo! Are you there?"

"Yes," he said in rather gruff English, and the girl answered eagerly in German.

"Oh, it's you, Hans, at last." She had evidently not suspected the voice and taken it for granted that she was speaking to Hermann. "Quick now, the formula; the men are at the door of my room already!"

In German she began to read him the precious formula. He could not follow the translation of scientific names, and when at the end she asked him if he had got it correctly he told her to repeat it while he checked it.

"All right," he said in German when he had done so. "Now at once destroy the paper; burn it, and escape. The police are coming for you, and the paper must not be found on you. If it is destroyed you are safe; they can prove nothing. Burn the paper and leave the hotel at once. You understand?"

"Yes," she replied. "And the stuff—the sample?"

"Destroy it; the formula is enough. It will melt in cold water in a minute. Good-bye."

He went upstairs and rejoined Morse. Then bending down, looked through the keyhole. Greta Hoffmann had left the table and was standing at the washstand burning a scrap of paper and peering anxiously into a bowl.

A triumphant, satisfied look came into Daring's face.

"Spoofed her all ends up," he whispered. "Come away; we'll leave her and Herr Hans Hermann to the police while we look after Mr. John Tankerville."

(Another of Daring's adventures shortly.)

Suddenly lurching forward, Daring threw all the weight of his body against the door. It creaked and trembled.

—"*Votes for Women.*" *That is too obvious; I want something better than that.* *(Turn to page 936.)*

ECSŌLENT COMPOUND

(PRONOUNCED "EX-O-LENT")

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DAINTY DISHES.

Banana Peel.

Rub four bananas through a sieve and flavour them with sugar and lemon juice to taste, then stir in a breakfast-cupful of custard. Place a little raspberry jam at the bottom of each custard-cup, and pour the fool on the top. A crystallised cherry may be placed in the centre of each cup.

Lemon Dumplings.

Take half a pound of grated breadcrumbs and the same quantity of chopped suet, six ounces of sugar, two eggs, and the grated peel of one lemon, add the juice of the lemon, and, if not sufficiently moist, a little water. Form into six or eight dumplings, and boil for three quarters of an hour.—(*For this recipe a pair of scissors have been awarded to* MISS L. BRIGGS, Church View, Norden, Rochdale, Lancs.)

Fresh Haddocks (cooked in French fashion).

Fillet two haddocks, then grease a baking-tin and place two of the fillets in it, sprinkle these with fine breadcrumbs and chopped parsley, mixed, add pepper and salt, then place the other two fillets upon these. Sprinkle these in the same way with breadcrumbs and parsley, pepper and salt, then put little knobs of butter on the fish, smear a little round the sides of the tin, and bake in the oven for half an hour.

Scrap Pie (a tasty way of using up the odd scraps of meat).

Make a paste with two pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of dripping, and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Roll out the paste, grease a pie-dish, and spread the paste thinly over it. Collect all the odd scraps of meat and trimmings from the joint, chop them up finely, add a pinch of parsley and thyme and an onion, and season with pepper and salt. Place in the dish, pour over the meat a little gravy or water, cover with paste, and bake.

Fish Cakes (a tasty dish made from tinned salmon).

Take a tin of salmon, turn it into a plate, and remove all skin and bones. Pour off the liquor and flake it up with a fork. Have ready about two (or three if a large tin is used) pounds of boiled potatoes, mash them with a little milk, add pepper and salt to taste, mix with the fish, add a few drops of anchovy essence. Bind with one well-beaten egg, form into small cakes, roll in flour, and fry in plenty of lard. These cakes will keep for one week, and make an excellent breakfast, lunch, or supper dish.

Home-made German Sausage.

Take one pound of beef-steak and free it from all skin and fat, cut into small pieces, add one pound of uncooked bacon, also cut into small pieces, and pass both together twice through a mincing-machine. Then place the meat in a basin, add half a pound of breadcrumbs, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of pepper, a nutmeg, grated, and two well-beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly and form into a sausage, tie tightly in a cloth, and boil for two hours. Remove the cloth while the sausage is still hot, and when cold cover with brown glaze.

CHILD'S BLOOD-SPITTING

and Whooping Cough cured in a week by VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

As further proof of the fact that Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the cure that always cures, Mrs. Dainty, of 31 Spout Lane, Walsall, sends the following account of her little boy's cure from a Chronic Cough, Whooping Cough, and Blood-spitting. "My boy, Leslie, eight years old, had been troubled from birth with a nasty cough, which two months ago developed into Whooping Cough, and then started spitting blood. Doctor's medicine did him no good, so in despair I gave him Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, and judge our delight when after only two doses the Blood-spitting was greatly lessened, and in about a week the cough was quite gone, and the Blood-spitting stopped altogether. I can honestly say that since taking Veno's Lightning Cough Cure he has never been troubled with a cough of any sort." The Proprietors of Veno's Lightning Cough Cure are daily receiving letters similar to Mrs. Dainty's, which is pleasing testimony to the enormous popularity and efficacy of their now standard remedy. Veno's Lightning Cough Cure can be obtained for 9½d., 1/1½, and 2/9, of all chemists.

Mother Talks

Told by a Woman of Experience.

No. III.—THE CHILD'S FRIENDS.

NEARLY all healthy and normal children pass through a stage at which they make and break friendships at a tremendous rate. Dolly comes home from school on Monday, declaring that Ethel is the sweetest girl in the world, and they have vowed to love each other all their lives; on Wednesday Ethel isn't so very sweet, after all; and on Friday she is a perfect cat, and Dolly wants never to hear her name again.

Then Cyril "chums up" with that rough, noisy George Thompson, who comes from such a bad home; and Edgar wants to have Ronald Smyth to tea *every* day; and by this time Dolly has got another friend, from whom she is inseparable.

All this is rather trying for mother, but she won't take it too seriously if she remembers that she behaved in very much the same way once upon a time.

A tiny child has, as a rule, no friends at all, and does not want any until he is beginning to take a human interest in the world around him. He begins to think a little about people, he begins to like them, and he starts learning how to make friends.

Mother will be very unwise if she crushes the child's early fancies for other children, and so helps to turn him into a lonely, self-centred little soul.

Don't be too much disturbed if the boys and

Now and then, of course, the child makes a really undesirable friend.

girls make friends for whom you do not personally care. The child will not "take up" with anyone unless he really needs something which that person can give him—experience, a broader outlook on life, courage, sporting spirit, or something of that kind.

For instance, take the case of Cyril and George. What on earth can quiet, gentle little Cyril see in that rude, noisy lad?

If you consider the matter for a moment, you will understand that the contrast between their characters is just what attracts Cyril. He feels in himself a want of dash and pluck, so he admires these qualities in George. George, on the other hand, has a carefully hidden admiration for Cyril's gentleness and thoughtful ways. Each boy will rub down the other's corners a little, and both will be better for the time which they have spent together.

Now and then, of course, the child makes a really undesirable friend, and, in this case, mother will have to be very tactful. It is quite useless for her to speak against the friend, and forbid her boy to have any more to do with him, for this would only make the child get up in arms at once and tempt him to disobedience. Far better have the undesirable "chum" to the house and let your boy see a good deal of him for a while.

Your nicely brought-up son will very soon recognise that that other lad, who appeared to him so splendid at school, doesn't "fit in" at all at home, but seems ill-behaved and foolish.

Encourage the children to bring their friends home with them; remember their names and their tastes; take an interest in their doings and sayings. Then your child will be sure to feel that home is the best place for happiness and friendship, and he will not be disposed to wander away in search of strange and risky pleasures or companions.

(*Next week the Little Dressmaker will tell you how to manage pleats on a skirt.*)

HOME HINTS.

To Secure a Good Polish on New Boots or Shoes.

Rub the leather over with a cut lemon from which the pips have been removed.

Milk

Will keep fresh much longer if placed in a wide, shallow basin instead of a jug.

When Frying Fish,

Throw a pinch of salt in the frying fat. This will prevent it from spluttering over the stove.

To Clear a Kitchen of Blackbeetles.

Mix borax and white granulated sugar. Sprinkle over their haunts, and they will disappear from the house.

To Brown Pies.

Put one tablespoonful of brown sugar into two tablespoons of milk, allow to boil, then leave to cool. Brush this over the pies before baking them.

To Renovate a Leather Bag.

Dissolve a little oxalic acid in warm water and sponge the leather with it. Leave the bag to dry and the leather will look like new.—(*Reply to* "A. G.," Bolton.)

Pram Tyres

When worn down to the rim can be made equal to new if gently eased out with a spoon handle and then reversed.—(*For this hint a pair of scissors have been awarded to* MRS. WILLIAM, 35 Heaton Street, Heaton Norris, Stockport.)

To Cover Jam Jars.

When ordinary preserve-covers are not available, cut rounds of paper large enough to cover and overlap the top of the jars. Brush the inside of these with the well-beaten white of an egg or a little gum. Tie over the jar while still wet, and it will be tight and firm and exclude all air.

To Dry-Clean Clothes.

Petrol may be used and should be applied with a brush after all dust has been carefully shaken out of the material. Another dry-cleaning process can be carried out as follows: Take a saucerful of powdered magnesia and some good-sized pieces of moist bread. Spread the garment on a table previously covered with a newspaper, dip bread in magnesia, and rub firmly over the soiled parts. When all have been gone over, take garment and shake thoroughly, brushing out all powder. Cream and white cloth should be treated with magnesia; dark materials should be cleaned with petrol.—(*Reply to* A CONSTANT READER.)

Tottenham Reader.

Please send address for reply through the post.

The Care of the Carpets.

Sheets of Newspaper

Spread on the boards under a carpet are excellent for keeping away moths, who will never go anywhere near printers' ink.

Light-coloured Carpets

Should be rubbed over occasionally with a little block magnesia. This will keep them in excellent condition.

Sweeping

With a broom damped with salted water will revive and brighten the colours of a faded carpet.

When Beating Carpets,

Give the hardest blows to the wrong side. The heavy beating on the right may spoil the texture.

"THAT FREE PRESCRIPTION IS WONDERFUL."

"I'M ENTIRELY RID OF MY PAINS."

A message from Hull: "You ought to publish this for the benefit of others, as I am sure the prescription is the most wonderful thing I have ever tried. My pains were so bad that I had not slept for weeks, and the night the chemist filled it for me I slept for eight hours. Now I haven't a pain, the Sciatica or Lumbago, or whatever it was, is gone, and my wife is cured of her bad neuralgic headaches. It's truly wonderful.

"This is the prescription just as I cut it from the paper. Ask your nearest chemist for 60 grains of Kephaldol in tablet form. Two tablets will give instant relief, and an occasional one will banish the pain entirely, I think permanently. My family always keep the prescription handy."

—*For the five best replies I will give Blue Bird Brooches. Mark postcards "Spout."* (*See page 938.*)

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THERE is another splendid prize list in our "Middles" Contest this week. First prize, £300; second prize, £50; third prize, £25; 700 prizes of 5s., and a thousand consolation gifts.

Moreover, in response to a large number of requests from my readers, I have altered the rules this week in such a way that the task of making "Middles" is now a much easier one. Read "This is What you Do" on page 940, then go straight away and win the £300 prize.

A BIRD STORY.

BIRDIE writes: "Reading your excellent stories about dogs reminds me of an extraordinary story told to me by a friend. He kept poultry, and he was very amazed to find that sparrows were in the habit of carrying off the small corn he threw down for his young chickens. He contented himself, however, with the thought that when the chickens grew into fowls the sparrows would not take the larger corn used; but, when the chickens became fowls, the corn still disappeared. Now the end of my friend's garden adjoined the railway, and one day my friend, to his amazement, saw a sparrow seize a large piece of corn, place it on the line, and wait for a train to come along and crush it into small fragments. Can any of your readers beat that?"——

I don't know, BIRDIE, but at any rate I am going to give them the chance. Let them read the Footline on page 930.

MARY WAS A SUFFRAGETTE.

IN a recent "Footline" Contest I asked readers to write me a parody on "Mary had a Little Lamb," beginning "Mary was a Suffragette."

The following verses are a selection from the huge number of very smart verses received:—

Mary was a suffragette,
Fond of taking "pains";
The "losses" shopmen suffered
She, woman-like, thought "gains."

But now she thinks that life's a "cell,"
For friends she cannot greet;
A "fast" young lady, some might say,
'Cause she never wants to eat!

Mary was a suffragette,
With views quite up to date;
And everywhere that Mary went
She used to stop and prate.

Unceasing was her little tongue,
Too long for her, you know;
Though Mary might be standing still,
Her tongue was sure to "go."

Mary was a suffragette,
Devoted to the cause;
"We'll alter," she was wont to cry,
"These unjust man-made laws."

Time passed, and lo! our heroine
Unto the "altar" came!
She altered something, certainly,
Her views—likewise her name.

SPREADING THE GOOD NEWS.

"SUPPOSING you were a winner of a pair of tickets for our Free Trips to London, mentioned on page 924, what would you write and say to the friend you had nominated to come with you?" This is the question I asked readers in a recent "Footline" Contest, and from the number of replies it appears that nearly all readers have made up their minds what to say.

Here are some of the smart postcards received:—

"These 'Lines, man,' inform you, that after many 'tries,' I sent in a good 'shot' and 'scored'; winning Pearson's Free Trip to London. You'll partner me when I start 'training.'"

A Scottish reader would announce his good fortune as follows:—

"After playing 'the game of my life' I have 'scored,' and I am pleased to tell you that the 'Selection Committee' have chosen us both to appear 'at the Final.'"

The results of "Footline" Contests appears on page 921.

CURED BY A MAD M.D.

WELL-WISHER relates a very curious experience a short time ago. He lives in a small country village, and while out hunting one day had rather a nasty fall. His injuries were skilfully attended to by the local doctor, whose manner seemed to him at the time rather strange. To his surprise he learnt a few weeks afterwards that the doctor who had attended him had been removed to an asylum, and had been suffering from severe mental trouble for months past, though in some odd way this had not interfered in the least with his usual medical work.——

You will be interested to hear, WELL-WISHER, that a fine story in the March number of the NOVEL MAGAZINE deals with just such another situation. An incident in the story is strikingly depicted on the cover. In addition to this story there are twenty-two other excellent yarns by some of the finest fiction writers of the day.

A PRIZE-WINNER'S LETTER.

MR. JUSTIN, who won £100 in "Middles" a short time ago, writes: "Have you ever sat down to write a letter with such feelings of joy that you want to write ever so much but cannot express yourself in words? That is just my position at present. I have, since receiving the news of my success, been living in the land of dreams, and sometimes imagining it was all a joke. I could not realise that I had won the sum of £100 for the outlay of 6d., but the reality of it came home to me when I saw a hundred miniature portraits of his Majesty in gold! I should like to add that I attribute my success to a fixed determination to figure among your prize-winners."——

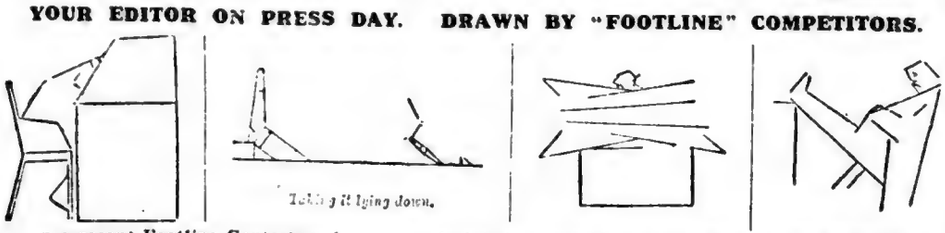
That's right! Determination's the thing. I am always receiving letters from prize-winners, and very few indeed tell me that they have won a big prize at their first attempt, though they may have won a consolation prize. But they stuck to it, week after week, determined to be in the first flight eventually; and this determination has got them there. There are nearly two thousand prizes to be won this week. This ought to be your opportunity.

THE INSURANCE ACT.

R. H. R. does not pay his fourpence a week under the Insurance Act. He explains thusly: "Just a few lines to ask you if you can assist me. I have not yet been able to contribute to the Insurance Act, for the simple reason that I've done no work since it came into force. Good jobs are hard to get nowadays, and even had I been offered one I could not have taken it on, because I have no tools. I have, however, had a situation offered me. The work consists in sharpening pencils for a bookmaker. But, as I said before, I have no tools, so I am afraid that my chance of becoming a contributor under the Insurance Act will disappear unless I can get a knife somewhere. Can you assist me?"——

Certainly, R. H. R. Never shall it be said that I prevented a man from getting work when I could have assisted him. But I must add that your way of getting one of our famous penknives is the most ingenious I have come across for a long time. If any reader can invent what I consider a better excuse than R. H. R.'s, I shall have great pleasure in parting with another knife!

YOUR EDITOR ON PRESS DAY. DRAWN BY "FOOTLINE" COMPETITORS.



In a recent Footline Contest readers were asked to draw the Editor on press day by using twenty-five straight lines. Here are some of the smartest drawings sent in.

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday March 11th.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of ties for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE

INSURANCE.
(For terms see below.)

505 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,

including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for **any number of claims** of **£1,000** each—not for one only. **£1,000** specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of **any person** killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland to the passenger train in which the deceased was **travelling as a passenger** (including post-office servants on railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within seven days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by *an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger*, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days from the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, PROVIDED that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed the Coupon-Insurance Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) was not at the time be on the aeroplane nor engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract.

This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the **"Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act,"** 1890. Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelvemonths' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange

Signature.....

Available from 9 a.m. Monday, March 3rd, 1913, until midnight, Monday, March 10th, 1913.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

SMILES WHICH ARE REFLECTED.

No. 1
The Chef's Smile.

MONKEY BRAND

is beyond question the ideal Cleanser and Polisher for kitchen use. Good Cooks INSIST on its use. Being a clean, wholesome, non-greasy preparation, it leaves nothing but brightness behind it. Monkey Brand should be used for cleaning all articles necessary for the cooking and serving of an appetising meal.

FOR CLEANING
DISH-COVERS,
KNIVES,
FORKS,
SPOONS,
PLATES,
DISHES,
POTS, PANS,
GRIDS,
GRILLS, etc.

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

MAKES COPPER LIKE GOLD—
TIN LIKE SILVER—
PAINT LIKE NEW.

M 50—15

BENJAMIN BROOKE & COMPANY LIMITED.

PATRONISED BY **H.M. THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN.**

GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS.

THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the Readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, 8/3/13.

On receipt of P.O. for **5/6** we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOMS to your address one of our **PRUDENTIAL REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN REVERSIBLE HALF-GUINEA**

suitable for Drawing-Room, Dining-Room, Bedroom, &c., handsomely bordered in 30 different Turkey patterns and fashionable self-shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and LARGE ENOUGH TO COVER ANY ORDINARY SIZED ROOM. These Carpets will be sent out as Sample Carpets, with **FREE RUG,** thus showing the identical quality we supply in all sizes. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits.

OVER 400,000 SOLD DURING THE PAST TWELVE MONTHS. Money willingly returned if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

RUGS GIVEN AWAY.

NEW DESIGNS.

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm.

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet we shall ABSOLUTELY GIVE AWAY a very handsome Rug to match, or we will send TWO CARPETS & TWO RUGS for **10/6**

Repeat Orders received from the Royal Palace, Stockholm

TESTIMONIALS.

67 Lewin Rd., Streatham Com., S.W., May 16th. "Mrs. Margary writes:—" Will be obliged by Messrs. F. Hodgson & Sons, Leeds, sending her another Prudential Brusselette Carpet, size 10½ ft. by 12 ft. Cheque enclosed, 11/6." Mrs. Margary states: "I have had several of these carpets during the last **sixteen years**, and have been very well pleased with them."

178 Belvir Road, Coalville, Leicester, May 4th. H. Cox, Esq., writes: "Please send me two of your Prudential Brusselette Carpets and Rug, amount 10/6 enclosed. The last we had from you has been in wear **twelve years**."

Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Embroidered Linen, and Cotton Bedspreads, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Linoleums, Blankets, Curtains, &c., Post Free, if when writing you mention *Pearson's Weekly*, 8/3/13. Address—

F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.) Manufacturers, Importers and Merchants, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS.**

Hurry Up!

For Your Easter Suit

IF you want a smartly made-to-measure suit for Easter, it's a pity to delay until the last minute—and then to meet the disappointing fact you are crowded out until after the holidays—just because you didn't put on a bit more pace. So hurry now—don't wait until the last lap. No one likes coming in last—so don't run the risk—it's needless, it's not wisdom. We are here to attend you now properly. We can study your needs carefully, we can fit you perfectly—if you will come now. We've splendid patterns, nice linings, every style, and fullest facilities. Cash question need not delay you, for we will give you credit. Our cash discount is 2s. in the £. Say whether dark or light patterns are desired.

"BURLINGTON" SUIT.

Made to Measure. **35/-** Easy Terms.

Write for patterns at once. With patterns and simple self-measurement form, we send a splendidly illustrated book of styles.

CATESBYS LTD.

(DEPT. 7),
64-67 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

 Made Easier This Week. Read "This Is What You Do" Below.

1st PRIZE	2nd PRIZE	3rd PRIZE	PRIZES OF 5/-	CONSOLATION GIFTS
£300	£50	£25	700	1,000

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words or phrases given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a "Middle" of two or three words which shall have some bearing on the chosen word or phrase. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with either of the two middle letters in heavy type in the list opposite, and the second and third with any of the letters in the alphabet used either once or twice. For instance, suppose you take the word "KISS," the centre letters of which are "I" and "S." Use, say, the letter "S" as the initial for the first word and, say, "B" and "K" for the second and third and we get "SWEETEST BALM KNOWN." Or, using the same word "KISS," we could use the letter "I" as initial for our first word and say "A" for the second word and we get "INGRATIATES AUNTY."

MAKE "MIDDLES" FROM THESE WORDS.

READ THE NEW CONDITIONS.

KISS	POLICE	ROTTEN EGGS	PLATONIC FRIENDSHIP	[illegible]LE
NAVY	WIDOWS	GOOD RISK	CAPTAIN SCOTT	[illegible]ER
CANE	LIVE WIRE	HARD CASH	HAUNTED HOUSE	FAMILY [illegible]
POET	WINTER	SMALL GIN	MISSING HEIRS	[illegible] H W
BEER	PICKLE	PASTE POT	SPARE MOMENTS	LITTLE
STRIKE	WARSHIPS	CROSS ROADS	SIDE WHISKERS	[illegible]
SMACKS	ELECTION	GRAND OPERA	[illegible]	[illegible]
FAT BOY	UPPER TEN	GOOD FORM	[illegible]	[illegible]

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form as they [illegible]

2. Names and addresses must be written [illegible] space provided. [illegible]

3. [illegible] *Pearson's Weekly* [illegible] Street, London, W.C.

4. [illegible]

5. [illegible]

6. [illegible]

7. [illegible] postal order for each [illegible]

8. [illegible]

9. [illegible]

10. The Editor [illegible]

11. [illegible]

12. [illegible]

<............ *Cut across here* ....

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 56.

	WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLE."
56	....	....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed .... [No. of P.O. ....

Address ....

If you use the above entry form send a postal order for 6d.; if you use both the one above and the one below send 1/-.

<............ *Cut across here* ....

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES" NO. 56.

	WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLE."
56	....	....

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signed .... [No. of P.O. ....

Address ....

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 52.

FIRST PRIZE, £200.

The first prize of £200 has been awarded to ED. MOORE, 22 Prince St., Walsoken, Wisbech, for the "Middle":-

[illegible]

The second prize of £50 has been awarded to CHARLES B. WILLIAMS, "Rosevale," Whi[illegible] Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham, for the "Middle":-

[illegible]

The third prize of £25 has been awarded to A. G. GIERCKE, 280 George St., Glasgow, for the "Middle":-

"MOTOR CARS" [illegible]

The fourth prize of £20 has been awarded to H. C. CHAMBERLIN, 29 Lansdowne Rd., Erdington, for the "Middle":-

[illegible]

Prizes of £10 each have been awarded to: Mrs. SCRUBY, Lyminge, Folkestone, Kent, for the "Middle":-

[illegible]

and

A. ANNAND, 101 West End, Findochty, Scotland, for the "Middle":-

[illegible]

Prizes of £5 each [illegible] to JAMES BOULL, 3 [illegible] Cres., Dundee,

and

NORMAN W. LIVESLEY, [illegible], Victoria Avenue, Wellington, Salop.

PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

[illegible]

Bennett, F., 4 Stone Rd., [illegible]
Cole, W. J., High St., Upton-on-Severn, Worcs.
Cooper, H., [illegible] St., Nottingham.
Cooke, A. R., [illegible] Greenock.
Cooney, J., [illegible] Park, Belfast.
Cosby, E. E., [illegible] Ave., Manor Park, E.
Crampton, T., [illegible] Dudley.
Davey, S. J., [illegible] Gravelly Hill.
Davey, T., [illegible] Essex.
[illegible], Nottingham.
[illegible]
Freeman, E. H., [illegible] Tyne
Garrard, M., [illegible] Nottingham
[illegible]
[illegible] Ave., Hounslow.
[illegible] Rd.
[illegible] Belfast.
[illegible] Margate.
[illegible]
[illegible] Preston.
[illegible] Clapham, S.W.
[illegible] Cowes, I.O.W.
[illegible] Yorks.
[illegible]

Stone, Mrs. J., 17 [illegible] Rd., [illegible]
[illegible] Bradford, Yorks.
[illegible] Heath
[illegible]

PRIZES OF 5s. EACH.

[illegible]
Allan, [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] Rd., New
[illegible] Pontefract.
[illegible]

[illegible]

FAIRGOOD

At the Tip-Tip-Top Again

£500

UNDIVIDED FIRST PRIZE

Weekly Dispatch Finals, February 9th, 1913.

**"A GOOD CONSCIENCE—
AUSTERE DICTATOR EVER."**

Solution SUPPLIED BY ME to Mr. E. W. P., of Berkswell, and I will forfeit £300 if this statement is not absolutely correct. Eight solutions for three shillings and one of them brings the magnificent return of Five Hundred Golden Sovereigns!!!

I am going "great guns" just now, with numerous prizes every week, and, if you want solutions that have a really fine chance of winning, try a monthly subscription with me at once. Don't wait send NOW, and have your solutions from the advertiser who gives PROPER PROOF of plenty of Big Prizes, and who does not try to mesmerise you with mere talk, talk, talk!

TERMS for all Solutions: 4 for 1s.

PRIZE-WINNING SPECIALS (similar to my £350 and £500 Winners), 2 for 1s.; 4 for 1s. 6d.; 8 for 3s. Monthly terms: 2 weekly, 3s.; 4 weekly, 3s. 6d.; 6 weekly, 8s. Enclose sufficient stamped addresses. 10 per cent. commission on prizes over £1.

FREE SOLUTIONS: I will send two of my wonderful Specials FREE TO ANY READER who has never tried my solutions before. Mention paper and enclose stamped address.

F. FAIRGOOD, 117 Kirkwood Rd., Peckham.

3/- at 200,000% = £300

£300 for 3/-.

HAPPY is the man nowadays who makes 5 per cent. on his capital. Yet, last month I had the pleasant experience of making 200,000 per cent. for a client. The winner in **"ANSWERS" SIMPLETS**, dated January 18th, 1913, sent me 3s. for 2 "WINNING SPECIALS" for 4 weeks. One of the efforts I sent him was:

"Travellers' Tales—Thousands Need Shaving,"

and this effort won him the magnificent sum of **£300**. This has 3s., through my aid, was returned to him in one month 2,000 fold, or at the rate of 200,000 per cent. Think of it—**£300** for 30 seconds' work and you may be just as fortunate.

In the same issue of **"ANSWERS,"** January 18th, I won an Irish client the **SECOND PRIZE** of

£50 for 1/-.

The winning effort was:

"Sailors' Home—Sweetens Roughest Experiences."

Another client—on the same day, mark you—won

£100 FIRST PRIZE

in your FAVOURITE CONTEST

with one of my "WINNING SPECIALS."

The task I have set myself of making fortunes for other people is no doubt interesting to **YOU.** Why not send to me yourself and let me try to make a fortune for *you*? I should esteem it a pleasure to number you amongst my clientele. Just try the **FORTUNE BUILDER** and see what he can do for **YOU.**

Any advertiser can tell you £300 has been won 4 times and £250 10 times, but no advertiser has, or can give you proof of winning them for clients. Recently I have won **£300 TWICE**, and **£250 FIVE TIMES**; that is the **RECORD** so far, of which I am the proud possessor.

All the above prizes were won by my clients in one week—notice the date—**January 18th, 1913. Remember, all the winners I publish owe their success to their foresight in selecting the best Competition Specialist and Record Holder of Big Wins. Will you be wise and follow their example? It rests with YOU.** "The Competitor," containing proof of wins (all **Firsts** and **Premiers**) to the value of over £2,000, sent on receipt of stamped address

TERMS (Any Contest):

"WINNING SPECIALS" (equal to my FIRST PRIZE WINNERS), 2 for 1/-; 4 for 1/6; 8 for 3/-, and stamped address.

MONTHLY TERMS: 2 "Winning Specials" weekly, 3/-; 4 weekly, 5/6; 6 weekly, 8/-; 8 weekly, 10/-, and 4 stamped addressed envelopes.

Stamped Addressed Envelopes for all Replies. 15 per cent. commission on all wins over £1 in value.

PEARSON HELLIWELL, Competition Journalist, **Stechford, BIRMINGHAM**

With the 96-Page BRIGHT 'GOLDEN' EDITION of

'WITTY BITS'

Post Free, plain parcel, 1/2,

This week I will send **FREE 4 Really Brilliant, Witty, and Original** Ideas for **PEARSON'S WEEKLY** 'Middles,' 4 witty Ideas for **'ANSWERS'** 'Simplets,' 3 witty Ideas for **'TIT-BITS'** 'Heads or Tails,' 3 witty Ideas for **'IDEAS'** 'Sallies'; 4 witty Ideas for **SUNDAY CHRONICLE** 'Bounties'; a form showing the *correct* and *proper* way to cross your postal order, and the copy of a **£250 winning 'Simplet,'** showing you how to make your effort on the coupon; **this will be an eye-opener for you.** These 'Ideas' are **guaranteed** absolutely **FREE**, and are sent as an advertisement for 'Witty Bits,' so they **must** be good—and they **are**, they're the real **GOLDEN** sort—and one has already won **£100, proof** of which I will send. **Don't hesitate**, you will never regret sending for the 96-page Bright 'Golden' Edition of 'Witty Bits.'

Screamingly funny bits, witty double-meaning words, First Prizewinning Tips like 'Liabilities Not Abilities'; 'Beaten—Beeton'; 'Increases—In-creases (fat)'; 'Fretwork—Fret-work,' etc., all of which have won **hundreds of pounds.** Football, Cricket, Hints, and **THINGS LOSING COMPETITORS KNOW NOTHING ABOUT. Positively guaranteed** you can make **your own** First-Class **'MIDDLES'** for Pearson's Weekly, **'SIMPLETS'** for 'Answers,' **'HEADS OR TAILS'** for 'Tits-Bits,' **'FINALS'** for 'Weekly Dispatch,' and **SALLIES'** for 'Ideas,' with Witty Bits,' equal to

£200.—'Desire—Energy's Spur.'

£25.—'Cold and Damp—Conclusion—Welsher's Pursuit.'

£20.—'It Seems Strange—Tough Steaks "Eschewed."'

ANOTHER 'WITTY BITS' TRIUMPH:

'ANSWERS,' January 11th—2nd PRIZE, £50.

'Wanted — Wreaths "Before" Death.'

all which *were made with* 'Witty Bits.' Scores of other prizes.

With the Bright **'GOLDEN' Edition** of 'Witty Bits' will also be sent **FREE** an **EDITOR'S SPECIAL ADVICE** to competitors about

COUPON ADDRESSES,

which is of the **utmost importance** in trying for **FIRST Prizes.**

URGENT!—The large sum of £300 was perilously near being lost in 'Simplets' over the Coupon Address. (See 'Answers,' Dec. 14th, p. 161.)

LISTEN, COMPETITORS!—If the competitor had used the 'Witty Bits' advice about Coupon Addresses he would NOT have been "perilously near" losing £300!

In the wonderful **'GOLDEN' Edition** of 'Witty Bits,' too, there is an absolutely **unique**, wonderfully successful 'System' for making **YOUR OWN** expert

FOOTBALL

FORECASTS and GOAL-SCORING PREDICTIONS.

The whole lot sent in one parcel, free from observation, for **1.2.**

T. W. BELGRAVE, Author,
Belgrave Publishing Co., 75 North Street, BRIGHTON.

SOLUTIONS.
"Middles," "Heads and Tails," &c.
Guaranteed no duplicates. Trial: Two Specials 6d., or four per week for four weeks **3/6**, eight weeks **6/6**, thirteen weeks **10/-**.
Charles Platt, 60 Stapleton Rd., Upper Tooting, S.W.

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DO YOU WANT TO WIN PRIZES?
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FREE! NO WIN, NO PAY!

The Competitors' Mutual Society

Has a reputation to be proud of. Over **2,000 Premier Prizes**, and a total of **17,113** reported by members during 1912; 73 per cent. of 3 months and upward members won, and we **prove** our assertions in the "Prize-Winners' Chronicle," sent free.

We have the services of **CLEVER COMPETITION EXPERTS**, all of proved ability and First-Prize Winners. It is the cleverest staff that has ever been got together in the history of Competitions, and at the head we have **A RESIDENT EXPERT in receipt of £200 a year.** We pay our staff well; we can afford to, our wins are so many and our commissions big. The efforts we send out are the

BEST BRILLIANT BRAINS CAN EVOLVE!

Finals, Heads or Tails, Sallies, Middles, Bullets, Triangles, etc., evolved by our Staff are first criticised, and unless having a Winning Chance are not sent out. Every day of the week we receive spontaneous letters of thanks from delighted winners.

REPUTATION WITHOUT BLEMISH BEATS BOUNCE!

LOOK AT -	£350	**WON ONCE**
THESE - -	£300	**WON FOUR TIMES.**
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One member has won over 100 prizes, another 39, scores over 12.

NO CHARGE WHATEVER FOR EFFORTS. YOU PAY US ONLY WHEN YOU WIN.

As follows: 5s. prize 9d.; 10s., 1s. 6d.; £1 or over, 2s. 6d. in £1 to £5

SEND 1d. STAMP FOR 2 SPECIAL EFFORTS

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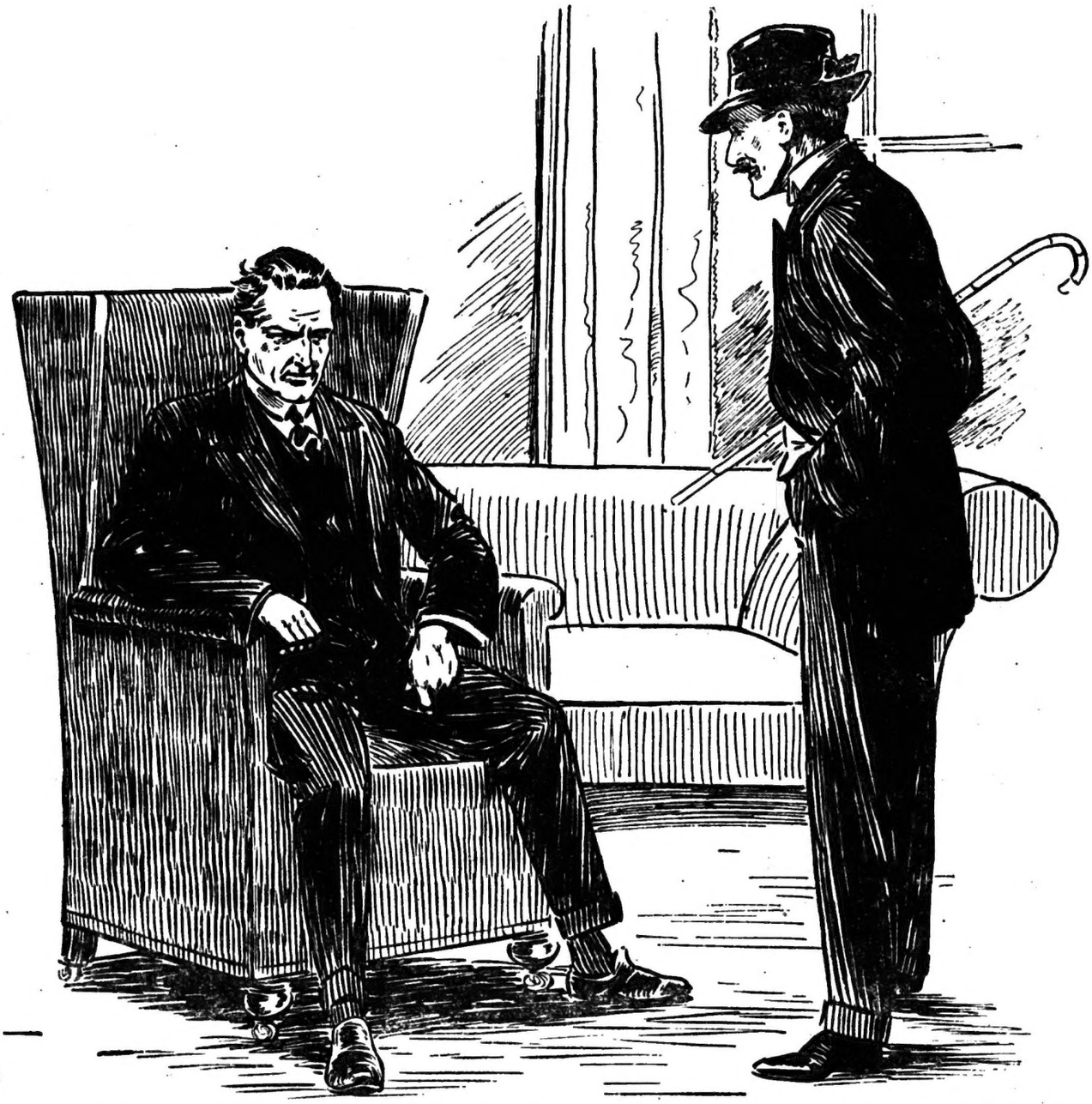
Remember, IT'S FREE!!
SEND NOW, IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Address: SUPT., C.M.S., 26 North Bar Without, BEVERLEY.

"YOU ARE ASKING FOR IT."



"Your head aches, your back aches, you feel all dull and dumpy,
And everything goes wrong with you at morning, noon and night;
Your step lags, your brain fags, you growl because you're grumpy
But if you won't take

BEECHAM'S PILLS

of course it serves you right."